

Is Indy traveling first-class to disaster?

# *YOUNG* **INDIANA JONES™** and the *TITANIC ADVENTURE*

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By Les Martin



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Bullseye Books

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# Chapter 1

Young Indiana Jones was excited. He was going to meet Sherlock Holmes!

Well, not exactly Sherlock Holmes. Indy knew that Holmes was a made-up character. But Indy was meeting the man who created the great detective. The author of the Sherlock Holmes stories, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Indy could hardly believe his luck. He had sent a fan letter to Conan Doyle. He said that Holmes was one of his biggest heroes. He was amazed when the famous author wrote back, inviting Indy to tea at Claridge's Hotel in London. The meeting was set for Monday, April 8, 1912, at four in the afternoon.

Indy was staying in Oxford, England. It was an easy train trip to London. But he did have one problem—Helen Seymour. He had to convince her to let him make the trip alone. She still thought of him as a child.

Miss Seymour used to be Indy's tutor. That was on his trip with his parents, when his father was on a 'round-the-world lecture tour. His parents wanted someone to make sure Indy kept up with his education, and Helen Seymour wanted to see the world. Otherwise, she could not have afforded it. But recently she had come into wealth. She wanted to repay Indy and his parents for the chance to travel they had given her. She asked them to visit her in her splendid new home. And she insisted on paying for their trip.

Indy's parents were too busy to go. But Indy was free during his spring vacation. If you could *really* call it free. Indy's father, Professor Henry Jones, gave Indy a stack of books. Indy was supposed to read and write reports about them. He wrote Helen Seymour to ask her to keep an eye on Indy's work. And he sent Indy on his way.

The trip over had been fun. Indy sailed on the *United States*. The ship held the transatlantic speed record. But Miss Seymour told Indy that the trip back would be far better. Indy would see that England still ruled the waves. In fact, Miss Seymour would be going with him. She wanted to share this very special treat.

Helen Seymour had no doubt that England had the best ocean liners. England had the best- *everything*. England was leading the world into the new century, showing the way to peace and progress.

Indy used Miss Seymour's own words when he asked to go to London alone. He ran no risk on the train trip. British trains never had accidents. There was no danger in London. British policemen did not even carry guns.

Miss Seymour could not argue. On April 8, Indy took the train to Paddington Station in London. Miss Seymour would have been pleased: The train was on time to the minute.

Indy decided to walk to Claridge's Hotel. The weather was good. Good for England in

April, anyway. It wasn't raining. Now and then there was a break in the clouds. A glimpse of blue. Even a quick flash of sunshine. Yellow daffodils were everywhere. They bloomed on the great green of Hyde Park and in the window boxes of elegant houses in the Mayfair district.

Indy cut through Mayfair toward Claridge's. Miss Seymour would have approved of what he saw. Well-dressed ladies and gentlemen strolling. Shop windows filled with fine goods. Double-decker buses gliding smoothly in a calm flow of traffic.

True, Indy did pass a crippled beggar. The man held a sign saying he was an ex-soldier. And Indy saw a policeman shoo away a ragged child peddling papers. But some people gave the beggar loose change. And the policeman was good-humored.

Miss Seymour just might be right, Indy thought. England might be the top country on earth, London the number-one city. Everything here did seem to be getting better and better.

Then the bomb exploded.

# Chapter 2

No one was hurt. The bomb was in a street-corner mailbox. It gave off a muffled thud. The side of the box caved in, and smoke came through the slot.

A crowd formed. Indy heard voices around him.

"Those suffragettes," said a large gentleman. "They've blown up another mailbox." "They'll never get the vote that way," another stated.

"They'll never get it any way," the first man said. "Women voting. What a silly idea. Politics is a man's game."

"Women have too much else to do," the other man said. "Raising children. Keeping house. That's how it's always been. And

always will be. Suffragettes are breaking the laws of nature. Prison is the place for them."

Indy couldn't stay to hear any more. He'd be late for tea. He continued on his way.

But he was brought to a halt on the next street. Workmen were boarding up a shattered store window. A policeman was watching. He was writing in a small notebook.

"What happened, Officer?" Indy asked. "Was it the suffragettes?"

"Worse than that," the policeman said. "The Irish "

"They want the vote, too?" Indy asked.

"They want more than that," said the policeman. "They want their country. They claim England shouldn't own it. They say we should give it up. What a laugh. Might as well ask us to give up India. Trouble is, we've been too gentle with them. A few hangings, and the Irish will forget about it."

Indy wondered what else he might run into. But there were no other signs of trouble. Soon he reached Claridge's, the most famous hotel on earth. He looked at it with awe. The wealthiest and most powerful peo-

ple in the world stayed in this red-brick building when they came to London.

A doorman opened the door for him. A red-uniformed bellman pointed the way to the tea lounge. Indy told a tuxedoed headwaiter he was meeting Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The headwaiter led him to a table by a window.

Conan Doyle was already there. He was a large man with a mustache. He smiled at Indy.

"First things first," he said. "Let's have our tea.

Indy's eyes widened when a waiter wheeled a cart to the table. Crowded on it were cakes, tarts, cookies, and sandwiches. Indy knew that tea itself was only a small part of an English tea. But never before had he seen so many goodies all together.

Indy looked them over. He was torn between a chocolate éclair and a mocha cake with orange icing.

"This is an English tea. Have as much as you wish," Conan Doyle urged. "You can eat for yourself *and* me. I have to settle for just tea. Have to watch my diet these

days.” He patted his ample stomach.

Conan Doyle smiled as he watched Indy dig in. “Does my heart good to see a boy eat. Both my sons are grown up. Actually, that’s one reason I wanted to see you. I don’t get a chance to meet younger readers often. What do you think of the latest Holmes stories?”

Indy swallowed the last crumbs of mocha cake. Then he said, “I like all of Sherlock Holmes. But, well, I like the earlier ones the best.”

“That’s because they *were* the best,” Conan Doyle said. “It gets harder and harder to think of new crimes for Holmes to solve. As you may know, I even tried to kill him in a story once. But his fans made me bring him back to life.”

“I’m glad they did,” said Indy fervently. “I don’t want Holmes to *ever* die.”

“With young readers like you, he never will.” Conan Doyle said. “I see that I have to keep Sherlock slogging along. But now it’s your turn to ask me questions.”

“Actually, I would like to know how to become a detective,” said Indy.

“As your career?” said Conan Doyle.



"If I can," said Indy. "Though I'd like to be an archaeologist, too. That's kind of like being a detective. Only I'd solve mysteries of the past instead of the present."

"My advice would be good for both jobs," said Conan Doyle. "It comes from the man who was my model for Sherlock Holmes. A teacher in medical school."

"Medical school?" said Indy.

"Before I was a writer, I was a doctor," Conan Doyle explained. "I studied under a surgeon named Joseph Bell. He repeated one lesson over and over. We must learn to use our eyes. We see so much—yet really see so little. For instance, what color was our waiter's eyes? What hand did he serve us with? Did he have any stains on his shirt? Can you tell me, young man?"

Indy's face grew hot. "I'm afraid not."

"He was gray-eyed. And left-handed. And he had had an accident with red wine," said Conan Doyle. "You see, I must keep in training. Holmes has an eye for detail. I can't let him go completely to seed. If you want to be a detective, or an archaeologist, or almost anything else, I suggest you do the same."

"I'll do my best," Indy pledged. And he meant it. "I just wish I could have started earlier. On my way here, I saw two crimes. A mailbox was blown up and a window was smashed. I could have spotted something."

"Don't worry about that," Conan Doyle said. "London has the finest police detectives in the world. The men of Scotland Yard will find the criminals quick enough. In the real world today, Sherlock Holmes is no longer needed."

"I can't believe that," said Indy; shaking his head.

"Spoken like a loyal fan," said Conan Doyle. His face brightened at a sudden idea. "Would you like to meet someone even better than Holmes? Someone who can see what Holmes can't?"

"*What* could Holmes not be able to see?" Indy demanded.

"The future," Conan Doyle replied.

# Chapter 3

“Who are we going to see?” Indy asked.

“I’ll let it be a surprise,” Conan Doyle said, smiling. “Have another piece of cake. Then we’ll be on our way.”

In front of Claridge’s, they caught a cab that took them westward to the Knights-bridge district. It drove past Harrods, the world’s largest department store. Behind Harrods was a curving row of town houses. Indy spied a street sign. The row was called Hans Crescent.

The cab stopped, and Conan Doyle led Indy to a gleaming black front door. He gave a sharp rap with the polished-brass door knocker. A butler answered.

“Tell Madame Baclava that Sir Arthur

Conan Doyle has arrived," Conan Doyle said. "I have an appointment. And tell her that I have brought a friend along."

"You are expected," the butler said. He spoke with a slight foreign accent. Indy guessed it was Rumanian.

The butler ushered them through lavishly furnished rooms. But the room he finally led them into had only a large round oak table and wooden chairs. On the table was a crystal ball. Behind the crystal sat a large lady in a bright-red dress. Even seated, she was a very large lady. She had to be at least two hundred pounds.

Madame Baclava spoke with the same accent as her butler. "Be seated," she said.

Conan Doyle and Indy obeyed.

Madame Baclava held out her hand. Her fingers were thick, "Cross my palm with gold."

Conan Doyle placed a bright gold piece in her hand. Her fingers closed over it. Madame Baclava leaned forward. She peered into the crystal.

"I see years of success for you, Sir Arthur," she said. "More fame. More for-

tune. More honors. But wait. I see a dark cloud as well. I see someone very close to you. Someone you love dearly. I see him in a terrible war. I see him dying. I am sorry. But I must say what I see."

Conan Doyle turned pale. Then he regained self-control.

"Very interesting," he said. "Who is the person who dies? His name? And when will this happen?"

"I have said all that I can." Madame Baclava replied.

"Could it be—Sherlock Holmes?" Conan Doyle pressed her.

Madame Baclava remained silent.

"That must be it." Conan Doyle declared. "Doubtless I will finally have to kill Holmes off for good. In a war against crime. I can't imagine any other war coming. We're in an age of peace now. Oh, perhaps there'll be trouble in the distant future. Maybe one of my grandchildren will have to— But they're not even born yet."

Madame Baclava shrugged. "I have told you all I can," she repeated. "Only time can tell the rest."

"Thank you, I suppose," Conan Doyle said. He began to rise from his chair.

"And the boy?" Madame Baclava said. "Does he not want to know his future?"

"Sure," said Indy. "But—"

Madame Baclava's hand was already out.

"Cross my palm with gold," she said.

Indy cleared his throat. "I'm afraid I'm a little short."

"With silver, then," Madame Baclava said.

Indy dug into his pocket and came out with a silver sixpence piece. He put it in the woman's palm.

Madame gave it a sour look. She jammed it into her purse. And she bent to her task.

She had spoken slowly and dramatically when telling Conan Doyle's fortune. Now she spoke quickly, in a flat voice. "I see a big ship. A sea voyage. Terrible danger and death. A gigantic catastrophe."

She looked up from the crystal. "I am sorry. But that is what I see. And that is all."

She did not sound sorry. She sounded impatient for them to leave. With a wave of her hand, she dismissed them.

After they left the house, Conan Doyle

hailed a cab. He gave Indy a lift to Paddington Station. On the way, he explained why he had visited the fortune-teller.

"Recently I have become interested in psychic powers," Conan Doyle said. "The power to see the future. The power to read minds. The power to speak to those who have passed away. There are many powers that science cannot explain. But they may well exist."

"And what do you think of Madame Baclava's powers?" Indy asked.

"I can't be sure," said Conan Doyle. "As Madame said, only time will tell."

Indy grinned. "What would Holmes say about her?"

"I'm afraid he would say she is a fraud," Conan Doyle said. "My dear Holmes believes only in reason. He depends on the two eyes in his head. He does not recognize the third eye of the spirit. But what do you think, my young friend?"

"I'm with Holmes," Indy declared. "As far as my fortune is concerned, anyway. I mean, Madame Baclava heard my American accent. She had to figure on my taking a sea

voyage. As for the disaster, she didn't say when it would happen. I plan to do a lot of traveling in my life. And I have a hunch I'll run into trouble now and then. Besides, maybe she just wanted to scare me. To get even. She didn't look too happy with my sixpence. Maybe her crystal ball told her I had a shilling in my pocket."

The cab stopped. They had arrived at Paddington.

"Thank you very much, sir," Indy said to Conan Doyle. "I'm looking forward to reading your next Holmes story."

"I'll think of you when I write it." Conan Doyle said. "But perhaps we can meet again. I can introduce you to my sons. They're due home from school soon. Their holidays are coming."

"Sorry, but I'm sailing back to America the day after tomorrow," Indy said. Conan Doyle's face clouded. "A sea voyage? I suggest you be very careful." Indy shook his head. "No worry about this voyage. I'll be on the safest ship in the world. You see, I'm sailing on the *Titanic*."



# Chapter 4

Indy looked out the train window. Morning sunlight bathed the southern English countryside. It was Wednesday, April 10. The weather was perfect for the sailing of the *Titanic*.

Indy was on the boat train to the port of Southampton. He had boarded it with Miss Seymour at Waterloo Station in London. Now they sat in a plush first-class compartment. These days Helen Seymour went only first-class.

That was one of the endless number of ways Miss Seymour had changed. As far as Indy was concerned, her new wealth had not only gone to her head. It had taken her over from head to toe.

Once she had dressed simply and soberly. Now she wore clothes from London's most fashionable shops. Once her hair had been pulled back in a bun. Now it was styled by hairdressers. Once she had eagerly read world news in the daily paper. Her pen was ready to write a sharp letter to the editor on almost any subject. Now the first thing she read every day was the society page. Once she had scorned show. Now she seemed almost preparing to dazzle the world. And what could be more dazzling than the Shalimar Diamond?

The Shalimar Diamond was part of her new wealth. Her distant cousin, Roger Seymour, had brought it back from India. He had made his fortune there. But he did not live to enjoy it in England. He died suddenly and strangely. Doctors were not sure why. His wife had died in India before him. Then, a week after Roger's death, his only son died. The police said a thief had killed him and escaped. But the thief had not gotten what he really was after—the Shalimar Diamond.

The diamond and the rest of the fortune

went to a startled Helen Seymour. She was her cousin's only living blood relative. She went to the lawyer's office a humble scholar and tutor. She returned an heiress—rich beyond anyone's wildest dreams.

Now the Shalimar Diamond hung around Miss Seymour's neck. She kept the jewel out of sight beneath her blouse. After all, it was vulgar to wear a diamond in the daytime. But still she wanted it on today. As she told Indy, "I want to feel my best when I board the best ship in the world. It's rather like a lucky charm, I suppose."

Fondly she took it out from beneath her blouse for a look. Indy had to admit it was a dazzler. Even among the glittering set of passengers on the *Titanic*, it would knock people's eyes out when Miss Seymour displayed it in the evening.

But she didn't have to wait that long. A man was sharing their railway compartment. His suit marked him as a gentleman. It came from an exclusive Savile Row tailor. His hair and mustache were expertly barbered. When he spoke, his accent was upper-class. Indy had been in England

often enough to spot such things.

The stranger did not speak to Indy, though. His eyes were on Helen Seymour. And the diamond.

"I hope you do not think me overly bold, madam," he said. "But I must compliment you on your choice of jewels. That is an exquisite piece."

"Why, thank you, sir," Miss Seymour said. Indy had never imagined that she could sound so schoolgirlish. "It is beautiful, isn't it?"

"But only someone with your striking looks could wear it," the gentleman went on. "A lesser beauty would be put into the shadow."

Indy saw Miss Seymour blush. He guessed that she had never received a compliment like that before. She almost stammered when she said, "You flatter me."

"Not at all," the gentleman said. "Flattery isn't my line. I'm a plain-spoken soldier. But allow me to introduce myself. Colonel Osmond Gilbert, of His Majesty's Household Cavalry. Formerly of the Cavalry, I should say. Hurt my leg in a nasty fall. Had to

retire. I must say, a life of leisure is devilish hard to get used to."

"Yes," said Miss Seymour. "It is a problem. What to do with wealth and freedom. Naturally, one gives to charity and does good works. Then, of course, one must strive to keep up appearances. One owes that to one's position in life."

"Quite so," the Colonel replied. "But in your case, no effort is needed. Simply being you is surely enough. But should I call you Madam or Miss?"

"Miss Helen Seymour," she replied.

The Colonel raised his dark brows in surprise. "Not married? A woman like you? Astounding."

To Indy's amazement, Helen Seymour said: "I fear I have been too particular. None of all who asked me ever won my heart."

"You were quite right to wait," the Colonel declared. "You deserve a man worthy of you. And I can see why he might be hard to find. Especially now, in the full flowering of your womanhood."

Indy coughed loudly. It was the only way he could keep a straight face. Even with her

elegant clothes and stylish hairdo, Miss Seymour was far from being a beauty.

Helen Seymour and the Colonel looked at him sharply.

"Let me introduce Henry Jones, Junior," Helen Seymour said. She saw Indy's annoyed expression, and went on, "He prefers to be called Indiana, however. He is the son of friends. Americans—but actually quite civilized. I'm taking him to them on the *Titanic*. I thought it might be nice to give the boy a treat. And to visit America myself. I understand that parts of it can be quite amusing."

Indy thought all the changes in Miss Seymour might not be so bad. He liked to be called "Indiana" rather than "Henry." And "Junior" his father's name for him, made his skin crawl. But his pleasure didn't last long.

"Hello, Junior," the Colonel said. He gave Indy a crushing handshake. "Taking care of Miss Seymour on the *Titanic*, are you? Hope you don't mind my helping you out a bit."

The Colonel let go of Indy's hand. Indy flexed his fingers, No bones broken.

He looked at the Colonel. He thought of Madame Baclava's prophecy of danger. She hadn't said what the danger would be. Or whom it would strike.

The Colonel was right about one thing. Indy would make it his job to take care of Helen Seymour on the *Titanic*.

And that meant watching every move the Colonel made.

# Chapter 5

Indy saw the *Titanic*—and all thoughts of danger vanished.

Whatever Madame Baclava had seen in her crystal ball, it couldn't have been this ship.

The *Titanic* was too big, too powerful. Indy had read her measurements in an ad. The ship was over 882 feet long. She weighed more than forty-six thousand tons, or over ninety million pounds. But Indy had to see the ship to know what the numbers meant.

He stood on the dock at Southampton and looked up and up. The *Titanic* was as tall as a twelve-story building. He looked down her length. She was four city blocks long.

That was just the beginning of her wonders.



Indy went up the gangway with Helen Seymour and the Colonel. The gangway was marked "First-class passengers only." Indy saw other passengers going up other gangways. Some were traveling second-class. And the poorest were going third-class. The cheaper the ticket, the farther below decks they stayed.

Indy saw that first class on this ship was just that: first-class in every way.

He got a look at Helen Seymour's state-room. It was two rooms, really. One was a drawing room with fine furniture. The other had a very large bed. Beautiful paintings and mirrors hung on the wallpapered walls. Oriental rugs covered the floors.

Helen Seymour approved. "It will do quite nicely," she said. "Now, Indiana, run along to your cabin. I have to see that whoever they send unpacks properly. I suggest you unpack as well. Have your good clothes pressed, if they need it. You must look your best at dinner. Colonel Gilbert has arranged to be at our table. And he is such a gentleman."

Indy's cabin was down the corridor, It

was much smaller than Miss Seymour's. But every detail was elegant. Even the door was elaborately carved wood.

It took Indy ten minutes to unpack. He looked at the suit he had to wear to dinner. He decided not to have it pressed. Colonel Gilbert would have to tough it out.

That left Indy with free time to go exploring. Miss Seymour would be busy supervising the unpacking for hours. She had two huge trunks filled with clothes for the trip. Four more trunks were in the ship's hold. They would see her through three weeks in America. Helen Seymour had spent her life wearing dresses until they were threadbare. She was making up for it now.

Indy toured the first-class section. He inspected the vast stairway leading to the dining room. It was worthy of a palace. He glanced into the smoking room with its leather chairs. It could have been in a distinguished men's club. Next he wanted a look at the ship's swimming pool. But he heard a whistle blow. The ship was pulling out. He hurried to the deck and stood by the railing.

The shore was crowded with people. They gave a mighty cheer as the *Titanic* pulled away. Smoke poured from three of her four great smokestacks. The fourth was a dummy. It was there just for looks.

Indy saw water widening between ship and shore. The *Titanic* was heading smoothly out of the harbor. It went by a smaller liner moored at a pier. Indy read the ship's name. The New York. Passengers filled her deck. They wanted a look at the *Titanic*.

Suddenly there was a sound like a rifle shot. It was the sound of thick ropes snapping—the ropes that held the *New York* moored. The ship had broken free. It was drifting straight for the *Titanic*!

Indy stared horror-stricken. Passengers on the New York milled about in confusion and panic. Then there was a wave of water from the *Titanic*. One of her giant propellers had been turned up to full speed. Its wash pushed the much smaller *New York* away.

The danger was over. Passengers on the deck of the *Titanic* relaxed. Conversations resumed. There was chatter and laughter. The odd incident was already forgotten.

Except by Indy. He wanted to know what had happened.

He saw a ship's purser nearby, a short man with bright-red hair and pale-blue eyes. Indy asked him about the near accident.

The purser smiled and said, "Nothing to worry about. The *Titanic* is so big that smaller ships can get sucked toward her. But you saw how well Captain Smith handled the problem. He's an old sea dog. He knows what to do in tight spots."

"He's captained big ships like this, then?" Indy asked.

"*Nobody's* done that," the purser said. "There's never been a ship this big. I expect it will take a while for the Captain to get the feel of her. It might be a bit tricky to make her turn fast and such. But it's the other ships that have to worry. There's nothing as big on the seas. Nothing that can hurt the *Titanic*. She's built to take any kind of accident. But I see a man who can tell you about that better than I can. He helped design her. Thomas Andrews. He's on this voyage to make sure everything's working just right."

The purser led Indy to a man who was bent over a deck chair. He was examining the chair for flaws. The man was clean-shaven. He wore a sturdy but well-cut tweed suit. But what Indy noticed about him was his eyes. They were intensely alive and tireless.

"Mr. Andrews, sir, this young man wants to know about the safety of the ship," said the purser, "I thought you might like to tell him.

"I'd be happy to," Thomas Andrews said. "The White Star Line has spared no expense. The ship has a double hull. If the hull is pierced by accident, an extra layer of steel keeps the water out. As a back-up, the hull is divided into watertight compartments. And *they're* backed by watertight steel doors. The doors are controlled electrically. The man on the bridge simply yanks a switch. The doors slide shut to seal off any damaged compartment. The water goes no farther. Then our giant pumps force the water out."

"You see, the *Titanic* is unsinkable, just like the adverts say," the purser said.

Thomas Andrews looked at his watch. "Sorry, I have to be going. I want to check out the kitchen equipment. I have questions about the ovens. Have a good trip, young man. Don't worry, the *Titanic* will get you to New York. And I dare say you'll be sorry to leave her."

Thomas Andrews moved off at a quick pace. He wanted to check out every detail of the ship he helped build. He had plenty to keep him busy the whole trip long.

"Now you can sleep well nights," the purser told Indy. "And sleep well you will. The *Titanic* sails so smoothly you'd never know you were on water."

Then the purser saw where Indy was looking. Indy's eyes were on a lifeboat on the deck.

"These boats are a waste of space," the purser said. "Regulations say we should have them. But those regulations are out-dated. They were written before the *Titanic*, when sea voyages still were dangerous."

"Out of curiosity, how many people does that boat hold?" Indy asked.

"About sixty-five, if you cram them in,"

said the purser. "Sixty would be better."

"How many people does the *Titanic* carry?" Indy asked.

"Counting second and third classes, and the crew?" asked the purser.

"Sure," said Indy. "They're people, too, right?"

"About thirty-five hundred," said the purser. "Of course, that's during high season. This trip, there'll be about twenty-two hundred aboard."

Indy began to ask another question when a woman hurried up to the purser.

"My Pekingese, Archibald, is not feeling well." she said. "Is there something you can do?"

"I'll get a steward to attend to him, madam," the purser said. Before he left, he said to Indy. "Any more worries, come see me. My name is Hawkins. And my job is to make your trip something to remember for your lifetime."

Indy returned to the railing. England was growing distant. The *Titanic* was crossing the English Channel. At the French port of Cherbourg, she would pick up more passen-

gers. Then she would sail west. At Ireland she would briefly stop again. Still more passengers. The White Star Line needed lots of passengers to keep the *Titanic* afloat. It cost a fortune to build and to run.

The blue April sky was cloudless. The spring sun was warm. The great ship sailed without a tremor.

But the sea breeze had a chill to it. Indy looked over the railing at the choppy green water far below. He remembered the New York coming closer and closer. He remembered the shock on the faces of the passengers. He remembered Madame Baclava's words. Despite himself, he shivered.



# Chapter 6

The subject of danger came up at dinner that night. But not until late in the meal.

First they talked about fellow passengers. The ship was filled with famous names. Among them was a couple who had come aboard at Cherbourg, John Jacob Astor and his wife.

"*He's* one of the richest men in America," Helen Seymour said. "And *she's* his second wife. So much younger than he. He divorced his first wife to marry her. Quite a scandal. They left America to travel until it blew over. Now she's expecting a child. I suppose they think that makes their marriage respectable enough to return home."

Indy sighed to himself. Miss Seymour

had taken to quoting gossip columns. He wondered if she would ever return to normal.

There were four of them at the table. Helen Seymour, Indy, and Colonel Gilbert, plus a bald and bearded gentleman who introduced himself as Roger Sampson.

The Colonel clearly had eyes only for Helen Seymour. And ears as well. He swiftly responded to anything she had to say.

"Astounding how rich some Americans are," he said to her. "Pity they're so vulgar. Wealth should belong to those with breeding and taste. You, Miss Seymour, are a perfect example."

"Oh, I'm not as wealthy as all that," Helen Seymour fluttered. She paused. Indy could tell she saw a question in the Colonel's eyes. She hesitated. To Indy's dismay, she answered it. She clearly did not want the Colonel to have any questions about her worth. "A hundred thousand pounds or so."

Indy made a quick calculation. A hundred thousand British pounds was worth half a million dollars. Lots of people worked for twenty dollars a week. They were the lucky

ones. Many more worked for much less. Miss Seymour would have a hard time spending the money she had.

But the Colonel seemed concerned. "It might be a tight squeeze. I hope you have your money wisely invested."

"I'm afraid it's simply in a bank," Miss Seymour said. "I know so little about such matters."

Indy had seen Miss Seymour haggling with merchants all over the globe. What had happened to her?

"You need a man to advise you," said the Colonel. "Someone you can trust. You must never have to sell that diamond you wear. It brings out the blue in your eyes so well, especially in that velvet gown."

As far as Indy could see, Miss Seymour's eyes were granite-gray. He also could see how the Colonel's eyes shone when he looked at the Shalimar Diamond. And when he talked about Helen Seymour's fortune.

The gentleman named Roger Sampson was interested in the diamond as well.

"Pardon me for asking," he said. "But is that jewel real?"

"Yes, it is," Helen Seymour said. "Charming, isn't it?"

"Quite so. But dangerous as well," Sampson said. "Be careful. Thieves travel on luxury liners. They're on the lookout for prizes like that."

"Surely you exaggerate," Helen Seymour said. "Only the best people go first-class. You need only look around you."

"These criminals are masters of disguise," Sampson warned. "I assure you, I know what I'm talking about. It's my job to know."

"And your job is—?" asked Colonel Gilbert.

"I'm an Inspector at Scotland Yard," Sampson announced.

"Are you hunting a criminal on this ship?" Indy asked eagerly.

Sampson smiled. "Nothing that romantic. I'm going to lecture the New York police. They want to learn about the most modern detective methods."

Helen Seymour fingered the jewel at her neck.

"Thank you for your warning, Inspector. I must say I feel fortunate. I have two men at

the table so very capable of protecting me.”

*Two men—and me*, thought Indy. Once Miss Seymour had looked after him. On this trip, he'd have to look after her. Most of all, he'd have to keep a sharp eye on this “Colonel.”

That sharp eye saw something as they left the table. The first step the Colonel took was firm. He didn't limp until the second one. Indy didn't trust the Colonel further than he could throw him.

When the Colonel invited Miss Seymour for an after-dinner drink, Indy tagged along. The Colonel didn't look happy about that. Neither did Helen Seymour.

They went to the ship's French Cafe. It was an imitation Paris sidewalk cafe, complete with French waiters. The Colonel ordered champagne for Helen Seymour and himself. Indy ordered ice cream. He ate it very slowly. He was in no hurry to leave Miss Seymour alone with the Colonel.

Indy was down to his last melted spoonful when a stranger came to their table. Like all the gentlemen, he wore dinner clothes. But his skin was dark and he wore a turban.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he said. "Professor Khan, of Calcutta University. Allow me to ask you, madam, is that the Shalimar Diamond that you wear?"

"Why, yes it is," said Miss Seymour.

"I thought it was," Professor Khan said. "I merely wanted to make absolutely sure."

"How remarkable that you recognized it," she said.

"Not really so remarkable," the professor said. "We Indians are fond of our national treasures. Especially holy relics."

The Colonel cleared his throat. "Sorry, old man. But the Shalimar Diamond is not one of your national treasures. Miss Seymour owns it."

"How did she get it?" Khan asked.

Helen Seymour answered, "My uncle left it to me."

"How did he get it?" Khan asked.

"Why, he got it in India," she said.

"I did not ask *where*—but *how*," Khan said.

Helen Seymour shrugged. "I really don't know the details. But I'm sure it was quite legal."

"Legal—by *British* law," Khan replied. "Some in India, though, call it theft."

"See here, my good man," the Colonel demanded indignantly. "Are you saying that Miss Seymour does not own the Shalimar?"

Professor Khan made a soothing gesture. "I do not say it. I am a loyal British subject. I was educated in England. I plan to teach there someday. But there are some in India who say that the Shalimar Diamond belongs in a temple. The temple where it was for a thousand years. Some even say there is a curse on those who took it. Violent death will come to anyone who owns it."

"Fortunately, we in the West do not believe in such superstitions," the Colonel said.

"Quite so." Khan said. "I merely mentioned it as a point of interest. I thought it might amuse you."

"I'm sure it interests young Indiana," Miss Seymour said. "He hopes to be an archaeologist someday. He'll have to learn about all kinds of extraordinary beliefs."

"But right now it's time for him to go to bed," the Colonel cut in "And time for us to

go dancing." He paused, and coughed. "That is, if you don't mind my game leg."

"Of course not; Colonel," Helen Seymour said. "I'm sure you'll be a splendid partner. And if your leg begins to trouble you, we can simply listen to the music. I understand that the orchestra is delightful."

"Please, call me Osmond," he said. "I don't think one should be too formal on shipboard, do you?"

"I agree," Miss Seymour said. "But then you must call me Helen."

"I'd be happy to, *Helen*," the Colonel said, smiling.

Helen Seymour smiled back. "Shall we go now. *Osmond?*" she said.

"I will leave you to enjoy yourselves," Khan said. The Colonel and Miss Seymour rose to head to the ballroom. There was no way for Indy to stick with them any longer. But that did not mean he was going to bed. He was not sleepy. And he still had a question he wanted to answer.



# Chapter 7

The night was mild. But only a handful of passengers were on deck. Most were enjoying themselves inside. Indy could hear distant music, and the gentle lapping of water as the *Titanic* steamed on under a starry sky.

Indy moved from lifeboat to lifeboat, counting them. It was easy. All were in the first-class section.

The red-haired purser hadn't told Indy how many there were. The question was like an itch Indy had to scratch. Like his hero Sherlock Holmes, he couldn't rest until he solved a mystery.

Indy reached the last boat. There were sixteen, plus four collapsible boats.

He did a quick calculation. "Twenty

boats. Sixty-five people in each. That adds up to thirteen hundred. About half the people aboard. The safety laws weren't made for a ship as big as the *Titanic*."

He gave a yawn. It was time for bed. But something kept him looking at the last lifeboat. Something funny. At first he couldn't put his finger on what it was. Then he saw it.

The lifeboat was covered with a tarp. One corner of the tarp wasn't tied down. It flapped loosely.

Strange, Indy thought. British seamen were usually more thorough. This lifeboat was in the most remote spot, of course. But still—

Another little mystery. Indy lifted the tarp. He looked inside—right into a pair of dark eyes. He saw a young woman's strikingly beautiful face. The face was framed by jet-black hair. The eyes were filled with fear.

"Please, don't give me away," the young woman said. She spoke with an Irish lilt.

"Who are you?" Indy said.

"Molly Kincaid is my name," she said.

"And what—" Indy started to say. Then he

said, "I guess I don't have to ask. You're a stowaway, right?"

"It's my only way to get to America, Molly Kincaid said. Her voice trembled. She was near tears. "I had to run away from London. I came there from Dublin a green girl. They promised me a fine housekeeping job. Instead I did the work of three. And the lady of the house paid me no wages. She said I owed her money because I broke a vase. Even worse, the master kept trying to steal kisses. And both said if I tried to leave they'd accuse me of being a thief. America is the only place I'll be safe. The only place I can begin a new life."

She turned her large, dark eyes on Indy. "You won't turn me in, will you? A helpless colleen like me. A fine gentleman like you."

"Of course I won't rat on you," Indy said. "But you can't stay in this boat the whole voyage. You're bound to be discovered."

"I just have to stay here one day more," Molly said. "Tomorrow the ship will be stopping at Queenstown in Ireland. There'll be Irish coming aboard. They'll take care of one of their own. They'll be in third class."

I'll sneak down there tomorrow night."

"I'll bring you some food during the day," Indy said. "No sense you going hungry."

"Don't worry about that," Molly said. "This lifeboat is filled with food. Plus warm blankets. And all kinds of other gear. I was really surprised."

"I am too," Indy said. "Funny that the White Star Line stocks their lifeboats so well—when they provide so few of them."

"No mystery about that." Molly said. "The owners spare no expense for first-class passengers. That's who these lifeboats are for."

"You're wrong about that," Indy said. "These boats are for everyone. The law of the sea. In case of danger, it's women and children first. Class doesn't matter."

Molly gave a sharp laugh. "I'd like to see that." Then her voice became warm. "Thank you so much. You're my knight in shining armor."

Indy hoped she didn't see him turning red. He'd learn to handle compliments from beautiful girls someday. But that day hadn't quite arrived.

He did his best to make his voice deep

and manly. "I'll tell you what. Tomorrow I'll look around. I'll find the way to third class. At night I'll come and show you the way."

"You're too good to a poor girl like me," Molly said.

"I just wish I could do more," Indy said.

The next day Indy kept his word. He was grateful to Colonel Gilbert for one thing at least: Miss Seymour didn't mind Indy going off on his own. She probably wouldn't have noticed if he fell overboard.

Indy had plenty of time to find the way to third class. And to figure out how to get Molly into it.

As Indy expected, he was free after dinner. Helen Seymour did not press him to go dancing with *Osmond* and her. *Osmond* was a wonderful dancer. "Heavenly" was the word she used.

Colonel Gilbert said that it was only because he held such lovely inspiration in his arms. *Helen* was light as a feather on her feet. She let him forget his bad leg as they tripped the light fantastic.

At that point, Indy said good night to them.

He told himself that the next day he'd stick to them like glue. He had to slow the Colonel up somehow, or even better, trip him up.

But right now he had to show Molly the way to safety.

It was another starry night. The *Titanic* was having good luck with the weather. The sea had been calm when the ship moored at Queenstown. The Irish passengers boarded by a small boat called a tender with no trouble. That way the *Titanic* didn't have to waste time docking. The ship headed out to open water under a cloudless blue sky. By sunset, Indy was feeling silly about taking Madame Baclava seriously. It had been foolish to count lifeboats. He had acted like a scared kid. He'd try not to do that in the future.

Molly was the one facing danger on this voyage. But he'd fix that.

He reached her lifeboat. He lifted the tarp, and whispered, "Time to get going."

That was as far as he got. An arm snaked out of the lifeboat and pulled Indy headfirst into the darkness within the lifeboat.

# Chapter 8

Molly's slender arm was as strong as whipcord. Indy landed inside the lifeboat with a thud. Instantly Molly pulled the tarp closed.

Indy didn't ask why she had yanked him out of sight. By now he could hear what she must have heard—approaching footsteps.

Molly could hear like a cat, Indy thought. It must have come from being on the run. Danger brought out the best in you.

Then he heard voices outside. There were two men talking. They were right next to the lifeboat. Indy had no trouble hearing every word.

They talked for a few minutes. Then they went away.

Indy felt Molly relax beside him in the darkness. "Thank goodness they didn't spot us," she said. "But what was that language they were speaking? I think it might have been German."

"It was," Indy told her.

"I wish I knew what they were saying," Molly said.

"I do," Indy told her. German was one of the languages he had picked up in his travels.

"What were they talking about?" Molly asked.

Indy tried to keep his voice calm. It was hard.

"One guy was telling the other about this lifeboat," Indy explained. "He said this is the one they're going to use. He said they'll have to get off the ship early. They have to row far enough away. Or else they'll be sucked under when the *Titanic* goes down."

"You're joking," Molly said.

"I wish I were," Indy said.

"Maybe they were joking," Molly said.

"I wish I could think so," Indy said. "But I can't. They went into details. It seems a ship



will be waiting to pick them up. But in case there's a foul-up, they'll still be okay. They'll have enough food and gear in this boat to survive a few weeks."

"That's what all this stuff is doing here; Molly said.

"Right," said Indy. "It all adds up. Trouble is, I can't believe what it adds up to."

Molly said it for him. *"Somebody is planning to sink the Titanic."*

There was a silence. Those words seemed to echo in it.

"But how?" Molly said finally.

"More important, who?" Indy said.

"And what can we do about it?" Molly said. "I can't go to anyone in authority. No way they'd swallow this story from a stow-away."

"I don't figure to do better," said Indy. "I can hear them now. 'My, my, you do have an active imagination, young man.' I've heard it often enough to know."

Then he brightened. "I have an idea. There is someone who can help. It's worth trying, anyway. But first we have to get you to your friends in third class."

"Can't I help you?" Molly asked.

"Don't worry about it," Indy told her. "Just take care of yourself. I can handle this thing. It's man's work."

"If you say so," Molly said. She touched Indy gently on the arm. "It's so good to have someone strong to take charge of things."

Indy slowly lifted the tarp and looked around. The coast was clear. "Let's go," he said.

When they climbed out of the boat, Indy got a slight shock. Molly was slender but tall. Very tall. Six feet at least.

She'd have to get out of sight fast, Indy thought. Her plain white blouse and black cotton skirt were out of place in first class. And her clothing aside, she'd still stand out in any crowd.

She smiled down at him. "Lead on."

They hurried over the deserted deck and into a corridor.

"You go down this corridor to another." Indy explained. "Turn right until you reach a third one. Turn left and keep going until you reach a stairway. That leads down to third class."

Molly started to move, but Indy stopped her. He remembered something.

"Wait here five minutes," Indy said. "I'll go first. A purser is posted at the stairway. To keep third class down where they belong. I'll get him out of the way."

"You're sure you can?" Molly asked.

"No problem," Indy assured her.

"If I don't see you again, thank you," she said. She bent down and kissed Indy on the cheek.

"It's nothing, believe me," Indy said. He found it strangely hard to speak.

Not looking back, Indy went down the corridor. Then the next one. And the one after that.

The purser waited at the stairway. He was a different one than Indy had seen on the daytime shift. Indy saw his red hair and remembered the name. "Hawkins, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," Hawkins replied. "Anything I can help you with?"

"I'm afraid I'm lost," Indy said. He made his voice quaver. "I can't find my way back to my cabin."

"Don't you worry," Hawkins said. "I'll

tell you just how to get there.”

Indy made his voice tremble even more. “Please, won’t you take me there? I’m afraid I’ll just get lost again. You see, I’ve never been away from home before. Not without my mommy and daddy.”

Indy would have burst into tears if he could. But that was beyond his powers.

As it was, playing a baby was almost more than he could take. But it was for a good cause. And even better, it worked.

Hawkins led him by the hand back to his cabin.

“There, young man,” Hawkins said. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“No, sir,” said Indy. Thank you very much indeed.”

Indy waited in his cabin until Hawkins was safely out of sight. Then he went out again.

There was no time to lose.

He had to get to the one man who could save the *Titanic*.

# Chapter 9

Indy found Roger Sampson in the smoking lounge. The Scotland Yard Inspector was sitting by himself. He was puffing on a pipe and playing solitaire.

Indy interrupted his card game to report what he had overheard. But he did change a few details. He left out Molly and the lifeboat. After all, Sampson did represent the law. And the law said that Molly had to have a ticket.

Indy said he had been sitting in a deck chair. His back was to the men talking. They hadn't seen him. And he hadn't seen them.

Indy finished by saying, "You have to believe me, Inspector. I really heard it. Honest."

"Young man, after twenty years in Scotland Yard, I've learned to spot when someone is lying," Sampson said. "I can tell that you're telling the truth."

"That's what I figured," Indy said. "What I hoped, anyway. That's why I came to you instead of the Captain."

"Quite right," said Sampson. "Even if he did believe you, he might bungle the investigation. This isn't a job for an amateur. I will tell him of the threat, of course. But I will also tell him what to do about it. The whole crew must be put on guard. But it has to be done carefully. The crew must not make a fuss. The criminals must not guess they are being watched. Otherwise, they'll hide their tracks. We'll let them think they can actually get away with it."

"Isn't that kind of risky?" asked Indy.

"Not really." Sampson said. "They count on no one being on the lookout. You can see why. Nobody on *this* ship worried about sinking. But now were on the alert. We simply wait for them to make their move. It's like waiting for mice to come out of their hole after cheese. I can't imagine

how they plan to sink the unsinkable *Titanic*. But they'll have to try something very big. All the crew will be watching for the smallest sign of trouble. We'll nab them instantly."

"But isn't there something more We can do?" said Indy. "I mean, while we're waiting. To find out who those crooks are."

The Inspector smiled. "Young man, do you know the name of the game I'm playing?" He indicated the cards spread out on his table.

"Sure," Indy said. "Solitaire."

"We have a different name for it in England" Sampson said. "We call it patience. You look at one card after another. You try to fit them all together. If they don't, you shuffle the deck and try again. It is a game that a detective must master. Patience, patience, and more patience."

Indy nodded. He added what Inspector Sampson said to what Conan Doyle had told him. He was learning how the detective game was played.

"I just wish there were something I could do," Indy said.

Sampson thought a moment. Then he said, "Perhaps there is—if you don't mind giving up your free time."

You name it and I'll do it," Indy said.

"First of all, you're *sure* the criminals spoke German?" asked Sampson. "Not Dutch. Or Danish. Or Swedish. Sometimes they can sound alike."

"I know German." Indy said.

Sampson nodded. "It makes sense. Germany is in a sea trade war with England. In Hamburg they're building a liner even bigger than the *Titanic*. The good name of British shipping would go to the bottom with the *Titanic*. The Germans would have customers to fill their new supership."

"But to sink a ship!" said Indy, shaking his head.

"It's a war for money, not territory. But it's still a war," Sampson said. "All is fair in any war."

"I guess so," said Indy. He hated to think what a real war would be like. He recalled Madame Baclava's prediction about someone Conan Doyle loved dying in a war. It didn't seem so wild anymore.



He snapped out of it. "What do you want me to do?"

"Tomorrow I'll go over the passenger list with the Captain," Sampson said. "I'll hunt for suspects. But I have one already. A very likely one."

"Who is he?" asked Indy.

"His name is Otto Dietrich," Sampson said. "He is a famous opera singer. But more to the point, he is a German through and through. The most powerful man in Germany is the Kaiser. Dietrich gives private concerts for the German Kaiser and the Kaiser's friends. Among those friends are the German shipping barons. In Germany government and business are like two sides of the same coin. Otto Dietrich may well be working for both."

Indy nodded. "Being a singer would be a perfect cover. Who'd suspect him?"

"Good thinking," Sampson answered. "I can see that you do have more than a bit of Sherlock Holmes in you."

"I'm learning," Indy said.

"But a detective needs more than a theory," Sampson said. "He needs proof. That's

where the dull part of real police work comes in. You have to stay on a suspect's trail, even if it seems to lead nowhere. You must watch his every move, no matter how boring. And you will have to keep on guard. Especially in Otto Dietrich's case. Dietrich is not a gentle artist. He is a brute of a man. And he has a reputation for violence. Before you take this job, do you have any questions?"

"Just one," Indy said. "When do I start?"

# Chapter 10

Indy started shadowing Otto Dietrich right after breakfast the next day. Catching sight of Dietrich was easy. He was six and a half feet tall. Indy had heard that opera singers ran big. But not that they were built like heavyweight wrestlers.

Keeping up with Dietrich was harder. After breakfast the singer went jogging around and around the deck.

Indy rushed to his cabin. He rummaged through his things. He came up with a pair of shorts, an undershirt, and sneakers. He changed into them and returned to deck to follow in Dietrich's pounding footsteps.

After an hour, Indy's mouth tasted like old pennies. His lungs were aching. His legs felt

as if somebody had hit them with a baseball bat.

Finally Dietrich stopped running. Indy took a deep breath. Then Dietrich strode off again. Indy followed his long-legged stride to the swimming pool.

Dietrich went to the attendant and got a swimming suit. The *Titanic's* management thought of everything, at least for first-class passengers. Dietrich dove into the pool. He looked like a whale flying through the air. But he cut into the water with barely a ripple and started doing laps. He swam the way most Europeans did: He used a breast stroke and a frog kick.

Indy couldn't stand there watching. He'd stick out like a sore thumb. He got a swim suit, and dove in. He did his best Australian crawl in Dietrich's wake.

Indy thought of himself as a good swimmer. But Dietrich seemed to be in training to cross the English Channel.

At last Dietrich stopped. Indy could barely pull himself out of the pool. The water he had swallowed was swishing in his stomach.

Indy changed back into his shirt and shorts. He had to be fast. Dietrich was ahead of him. He followed Dietrich down a corridor and through a door. Indy followed, and his stomach sank.

They were in another of the *Titanic's* special features—a fully equipped gym.

Dietrich started lifting weights. Indy looked around for somewhere to take it easy. His eyes fell on a strange-looking machine. It looked as if it might offer some rest.

“What’s that over there?” Indy asked the attendant.

“Our mechanical camel.” the attendant said. “You just sit on it. It does the rest.”

“Sounds good to me,” Indy said. He climbed into the saddle. The attendant started the machine. It vibrated violently. Indy bounced up and down.

Finally Dietrich put down the weights. Indy sighed with relief. The camel ride had been rough. But Dietrich wasn’t finished working out. He went to the rowing machine. He sat down and started pulling on the oars. After that he jumped rope. Next

came the stationary bike. By the time Dietrich finished, Indy felt as if he had crossed the Sahara. Maybe he could eat lunch standing up.

Indy followed Dietrich out of the gym, moving gingerly. He had discovered muscles he never knew he had. They all hurt. He wondered where Dietrich was going now. Maybe the *Titanic* had a first-class torture chamber.

It wasn't a torture chamber Dietrich went into. It looked more like Hades itself.

Steam filled the room. Indy realized where they were. The ship's Turkish baths.

Relief flooded Indy. He collapsed onto a reclining chair. He admired the Arabic furnishings. He kept sight of Dietrich's awesome bulk in the steam. He didn't have to worry about confusing Dietrich with anyone else. Dietrich was bigger than anyone else could be. Besides, Dietrich and he were the only ones in the room.

Then he saw the dark bulk rising from its seat. Despite the steam, Indy felt a chill. The bulk was coming closer. He could see Dietrich's face. It was rigid with rage. Dietrich

reached Indy. Indy could see the blaze in Dietrich's eyes. But that wasn't what Indy really noticed. He stared at Dietrich's huge hands. They were clenched into fists.

Dietrich thundered, "Now I have you alone. Who sent you to spy on me? Tell me—or else!"

Dietrich's fist moved directly in front of Indy's face. The fist unclenched. But the hand didn't get any prettier. Dietrich was flexing his long fingers. He was limbering them up to take Indy apart.

"Spy on you?" said Indy. "But I'm just a kid. Besides, why should anyone spy on you?"

"Don't play innocent," Dietrich snarled. "I know their tricks. Ever since I dined with Countess von Hoch, I have been hounded. Are the newspapers paying you? Or is it the Count?"

"The Countess von Hoch?" said Indy.

"Who else?" Dietrich demanded. "I wish I had never met the woman. This affair is even turning the public against me. In Berlin some of the people in the audience actually hissed. I hoped to escape this scan-

dal in New York. But with spies like you—”

Dietrich’s hands clenched again.

“No. Stop. You’ve got me wrong,” Indy said desperately. “I’m not a spy. I’m a fan.” “A fan?” Dietrich said. His English was good but not that good.

“It means I admire you,” Indy said, talking fast. “I think you’re the greatest singer alive. The greatest ever. I admit I was trailing you. But because I wanted to see you in the flesh. It was like seeing—a god.”

“*Ach, so,*” said Dietrich, nodding. He had no trouble believing Indy. “So you are a fan, young man.”

“Your greatest fan,” Indy declared.

A warm smile lit Dietrich’s face. “Tell me, what is your favorite aria of mine?”

“Uh...,” said Indy. “That’s kind of hard to say. I mean, you’re always so great. Everything you do. I wouldn’t dare choose among so many treasures. Your glorious voice makes me feel too humble.”

“Then let me choose for you,” Dietrich said. “My greatest challenge as a singer. And my greatest triumph. Richard Wagner, of course.”



"Of course," Indy said. "Wagner. The name was on the tip of my tongue."

"Lie back, young man," said Dietrich. "Or maybe I should say, young fan.' Relax. And enjoy."

Dietrich drew himself to his full height. He burst into song. Actually, "boomed" would be a better word. Dietrich's voice could fill huge opera houses. The small steam room made it sound ten times louder. Indy liked songs. He really enjoyed cowboy ballads. And some of the new ragtime tunes were pretty catchy.

Wagner, however, was something else.

After five minutes, Indy's ears were as sore as his behind had been when he rode the mechanical camel.

After ten minutes, he began to hope that Dietrich would go back to jogging.

But Dietrich was finished exercising his body. He was exercising his voice—in just the same way.

Indy wondered how long his hearing would hold up. He knew he was going to find out.

# Chapter 11

Indy reported to Inspector Sampson before dinner that evening. They sat side by side in deck chairs. Sampson said it was best to keep their teamwork secret. Indy spoke to him out of the corner of his mouth.

“The worst part was, I had to keep saying how great each song was,” Indy said. “That just made Dietrich sing another one. The guy just can’t get enough flattery. The only reason he stopped was that he had to save his voice. Seems he’s giving a concert for the other passengers tonight.”

“Good,” Sampson said. “You’ll be able to keep your eye on him.”

“I have to go to it?” Indy groaned.

“I warned you, police work is drudgery,”

Sampson said. "It's part of the job."

"Drudgery is one thing," Indy said. "Torture is another. The guy's voice could split your eardrums. And this Wagner may be a great composer, but you sure can't hum his tunes."

"Of course, if you want to quit the case. Sampson shrugged.

"Okay, okay," said Indy. "I'll go. But I'm going to protect myself. A kind of bullet-proof vest."

That night Indy sat in the front row of the audience. Dietrich saw him and beamed. He sang straight to Indy as he launched into his first Wagner selection. Indy joined in the thunderous applause when the song ended. Dietrich chose another Wagner piece. It won even louder applause. Dietrich sang song after song, encore after encore. The crowd wouldn't let him stop. The concert wasn't over until long after midnight.

Finally Dietrich bowed and left the makeshift stage. As soon as the singer turned away, Indy's hands flew to his ears. Quickly he took out balls of wadded paper. The earplugs weren't perfect, but they were

better than nothing. Dietrich didn't see him, but Professor Khan did. He smiled and touched his turban. Indy saw it was wrapped over his ears and grinned back at Khan.

Indy trailed Dietrich through the ship. This time he was careful not to let Dietrich spot him. He kept close to the wall and one turn of the corridor behind. On the third turn, he peered around the corner. He saw Dietrich going into his cabin.

Indy looked at his watch. It was almost one. He expected that Miss Seymour and the Colonel were still dancing. Either that, or sitting in the French Cafe, billing and cooing at each other. He recalled the moon-eyed looks they had exchanged at the dinner table. He didn't like to think about it.

It was Dietrich he had to think about.

He'd stake out the cabin for the next hour or so. If Dietrich pulled any funny stuff, this would be the best time.

"Out rather late, young man," a voice said behind Indy. "May I help you find your cabin?"

Indy stiffened and wheeled around.

It was Hawkins, the red-haired purser.

"I couldn't get to sleep," Indy said. "Now that I know my way around the ship, I thought I'd take a walk."

"Perhaps I can have hot milk brought to your cabin," Hawkins said. "That should do the trick."

"Thanks, but you don't have to," Indy said. "I'm beginning to feel drowsy now."

"Very well," Hawkins said. "But if there's anything I can do, please tell me. I'm on duty all night."

Hawkins disappeared down the corridor. But he well might be back. Keeping watch on Dietrich's cabin was getting complicated.

Indy remembered something Hawkins had said. The *Titanic* didn't have a full load of passengers this trip. There had to be empty cabins around. Maybe, just maybe, one was near Dietrich's. And maybe its door would be unlocked.

That would give Indy both a hide-out and a lookout post. He could keep the door open a crack. Through it he could spy on Dietrich's cabin.

It would be too good to be true. But it was too good an idea not to try.

Indy went down the row of doors. The first was locked. The second was locked. The handle of the third turned—and the door started to swing open.

Indy opened it very slowly. The cabin could be occupied. First-class passengers tended to be trusting. Nothing could happen to them on the *Titanic*.

Indy braced himself for a man's snarl or a woman's scream. He had his explanation ready. He was a confused little boy. He had entered the wrong cabin.

He didn't need his story. The cabin was empty. The bed was unmade. Luck was with him.

He turned and closed the door. He left just a crack to look through. He knelt and put his eye to the space.

A second later, he was face-down, flat on the floor.

Someone was on his back, holding Indy down after jumping him.

His arm was twisted behind him. It was held in an iron grip.

Indy knew one thing for sure: His luck had run out.

He'd have to make his own luck. He screamed in pain.

"My arm—it's broken," he whimpered.

It worked. The viselike grip on his arm loosened.

This was his chance.

With all his strength, he twisted around.

But he didn't twist free.

He wasn't on his stomach anymore. He was on his back.

Two knees were firmly on his chest. Two hands held his arms down. Two dark eyes looked at Indy with disgust.

"Just my luck," Molly said. "It has to be you. The only one in first class who knows me."

She grimaced.

"I guess the smartest thing would be to kill you."

# Chapter 12

Molly saw Indy's face grow green. "Don't worry," she said. "Lucky for you, I don't believe in violence."

Indy stared up at her. What had happened to the frightened Irish colleen? Molly was wearing a man's cheap brown suit. Her long hair was tucked under a tweed cap. And she certainly didn't look scared.

She looked grim. "I have to decide what to do with you."

"I won't give you away," Indy promised. "I've proven that already."

"That was before," Molly said.

"Before what?" asked Indy.

"Before I did a bit of work tonight," Molly said.



"What work?" asked Indy.

Molly thought a moment. "I may as well tell you. You'll find out tomorrow. And you'll be able to put two and two together, since you spotted me tonight."

Still holding Indy down, she cocked her head at a bag on the floor.

"Pamphlets," she said. "I've been shoving them under doors. Every first-class cabin gets one. The fine folk can read them when they wake up. They can't escape the suffragettes even in the middle of the sea."

She paused. "You do know about the suffragettes, don't you?"

"Sure I do," Indy said. "I can read the papers. Besides, Miss Seymour, my old tutor, told me about them. She says that women deserve the vote. They'll do a lot better with it than the men."

Molly looked at him closely. "Can I believe you?"

"Believe me," Indy assured her.

Molly shrugged. "In for a penny, in for a pound. If I can't kill you, I might as well trust you."

She got off Indy's chest. Indy stood up.

“Speaking of believing people,” Indy said, “are you really a housemaid running away from a bad job?”

“Let’s say I had to get out of London in a hurry,” Molly said.

“It didn’t have anything to do with blowing up mailboxes, by any chance?” asked Indy.

“I told you, I don’t believe in violence,” Molly said. Then she grinned. “Against living things, anyway.”

An alarm went off in Indy’s brain. If Molly could blow up mailboxes, would she—?

He pushed away the thought. The *Titanic* was packed with people. Molly surely wouldn’t—

He looked at her. What did he know about her, anyway?

He’d have to test her. “Don’t worry, I’ll keep quiet about you. But I need you to help me. Nobody would believe me about those Germans we heard. I have to hunt them on my own. Have you seen any funny business down in third class?”

Molly shook her head. “No. But I’ll keep

my eyes open. And I'll put some feelers out. I've a couple of friends down there who can nose around."

"Think they'd be any good at it?" Indy asked.

"One of them would," Molly said. "A guy I once worked with in Ireland. He knows how to keep his eyes open and his mouth shut. It was a piece of luck running into him. He found me a bunk down there and got me these men's clothes."

"I know that suffragettes want the rights of men," Indy said. "But do they want to wear men's pants, too?"

You men can keep your pants," Molly said, "I like dresses better. But third class puts single men and women in separate sections. Men in the bow. Women in the stern. The bunk my pal found me was in the men's, so he had to give me a disguise."

"A real friend in need," Indy said.

"That he is," Molly said. "I once saved his skin in the old days—and he's more than making up for it now. He even helped me sneak into first class. A chum of his is a purser here. He's on the night shift guarding

the stairway. He let me through. But I have to be getting back now—before he goes off duty.”

Before she left she said, “We can meet tomorrow night. I’ll tell you if I’ve found out anything.”

“Right,” said Indy. “Same time, same place.” *If the ship is still afloat*, he added to himself.

Indy had a hard time getting to sleep that night. There was so much mystery and there were so few clues. When he finally dropped off, he had a bad dream. He saw the *Titanic*, with its lights shining. It was sinking, bow first, into a dead-calm sea. Indy himself was thrashing about in the icy water. He was going under. He raised his eyes, desperately seeking help. All he saw was the night sky. And a million stars looking coldly down.

He woke with a start. He felt chilled to the bone. Sunshine streamed through his porthole window. He looked at his watch. If he didn’t hurry, he’d be late for breakfast.

Miss Seymour, the Colonel, Professor Khan, and Inspector Sampson were there when Indy arrived. They barely noticed him.

They were discussing the outrage of the night before—the shocking pamphlets shoved under their doors. Only Professor Khan had nothing to say. In fact, he seemed quietly amused by the uproar.

“Can’t you do something, Inspector?” Helen Seymour demanded. “Catch whoever did it? Those suffragettes should pay for their criminal acts.”

Indy almost choked on his piece of toast. “But Miss Seymour, you used to tell me that—”

“A woman has a right to change her mind,” Helen Seymour declared. “Especially when she has someone to help her see things clearly. As the Colonel says, the suffragettes may have high ideals, but they are misguided. I was, too, I’m afraid. But I can see now that it is not really womanly to get involved in politics. Men can take care of that sort of thing. Women have a more important role—to create beauty and loving homes. It is nature’s plan, and we should not oppose it.” Then Miss Seymour said, “But Indiana, you’re not eating your bacon and eggs.”

"Bit of seasickness, eh, Junior?" the Colonel said heartily. He helped himself to seconds.

"Whatever it is," Indy said, "I've lost my appetite."

Inspector Sampson gave Indy a look. "I haven't lost mine. I'm hungry for all the tidbits I can find."

After breakfast, Indy gave Sampson his report about Dietrich. Then he had to spill the beans about Molly—with one thing left out: the exploding London mailboxes. Indy figured he owed Molly that much at least.

"Don't turn her in for stowing away or spreading those pamphlets," Indy pleaded. "She's not really hurting anyone. And I gave her my word. Besides, she might turn up something. We can use some help. That plot is like a time bomb ticking away."

Sampson agreed. "I don't like keeping hands off lawbreakers. But it is part of police work at times. We do use underworld informants."

Then he said sternly, "You must tell her to be careful not to let anyone else in on the investigation. We cannot risk alerting the

criminals. That would be a disaster."

Indy bit his lip. "Sorry, I didn't think of that. She said she was getting some people to help her."

"Find out who they are," Sampson ordered. "We must make sure they can be trusted."

"I'll get their names when I see her again," Indy promised. "Maybe I can even check them out."

"When do you meet her?" Sampson asked.

"Tonight—after midnight," Indy said.

"Good," Sampson said. "Then you can keep on shadowing Dietrich all day."

"But I told you, the guy is—" Indy started to protest.

"He is still a suspect," the Inspector insisted. "The law says you are innocent until proven guilty. A detective sees it a different way. Suspects are guilty until proven innocent." He put his hand on Indy's shoulder. "Remember, trust no one. Especially this Molly. In the words of our great poet Kipling, The female of the species is more deadly than the male."

# Chapter 13

“A strong voice needs a strong body,” Dietrich told Indy. They were jogging around the deck.

“Right,” Indy puffed out, and then sucked in air.

“After this, a swim,” Dietrich said. “Good for the lungs.”

“Yeah, sure,” said Indy, fighting to keep his legs moving.

“Then the gym,” said Dietrich. “I am touched that you want to follow in my footsteps. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.”

“I’ve wanted to be a singer ever since I heard you,” Indy told him.

“That’s why I will give you a special treat,”



Dietrich said. "You can watch my voice exercises. I plan on three hours this afternoon. You will learn a great deal."

"I can hardly wait," said Indy. At this rate, he didn't have to worry about meeting Molly that night. He wouldn't last that long. He wondered what they'd do if he died of exhaustion. Bury him at sea or put him in cold storage until New York?

Indy did make it, though. At the end of the day, Dietrich even gave him a prize. A handwritten pass to Dietrich's first concert in New York. A front-row seat. Dietrich would be watching for him.

For a moment, the idea of the ship sinking didn't seem so bad.

But there was no rest for the weary. All Indy could do was soak his aching muscles in a steaming-hot bath. Then he had to sit through another dinner watching Miss Seymour and the Colonel. He listened to the Colonel tell her how fortunes could be made on the stock market. With the proper advice, of course. Indy shuddered when he heard Miss Seymour ask the Colonel to advise her. Indy had to save the ship fast.

Then he'd have time to try to steer Miss Seymour in the right direction. She was heading for a private shipwreck of her own.

After dinner, Sampson asked him, "Is your meeting with the girl still on?"

"As far as I know," Indy told him.

"Good man," Sampson said. "Find out what you can. And report back to me.

"About Dietrich—" Indy began.

"Yes?" asked Sampson.

"Do I have to tail him this evening?" Indy said. "I mean, he might start getting suspicious."

Sampson nodded. "Good thinking. You're learning fast. Don't worry about Dietrich. I'll take over for the evening. Normal procedure, actually. Always changing the men shadowing."

Indy heaved a sigh of relief. He spent the evening in his cabin. He decided to reread *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. He had already read the novel three times, but he never stopped finding good things in it. Sherlock Holmes had just discovered the footsteps of a gigantic hound when Indy looked at his watch. It was almost midnight.

It was time to leave the great detective. It was time to follow his own trail of terror.

Molly was waiting for him in the empty cabin.

"Find out anything?" he asked her.

"Not yet," Molly said. "But I have good people working on it."

"How many?" asked Indy.

"Two of them," Molly said. "We don't want too many people in on this. They might alert the plotters."

Indy looked at Molly with respect. He hoped she was really on his side. Brains like hers came in handy.

He remembered his promise to Sampson. "Can I meet them? You know, to swap information. Combine forces."

"If you don't mind leaving your beautiful first class," Molly said. "And mingling with the common folk."

"Come on," Indy said. "I'm not like that."

Molly smiled. "I don't think you are, either. Otherwise I wouldn't be doing this. The wrong person could get my pals in trouble."

The first pal they ran into was at the

head of the stairway to third class.

Hawkins, the red-headed purser, stared in surprise at Molly and Indy together.

"Don't worry about Indy here," Molly assured him. "He's okay."

"Hope so," Hawkins said. "It would be worth my berth if he talks. Such a cushy job it is. All those lovely tips from all those nice rich folk."

He waved Molly and Indy past.

"Where do you know him from?" Indy asked.

"I don't know him, really," Molly said. "Like I told you, he's a buddy of a buddy of mine. He's doing that buddy a favor letting me through. But don't worry, I didn't tell him anything about the plot."

They were in the depths of the ship now. First class seemed a million miles away. The passageway walls were naked steel. The doors were iron.

Molly swung open a door. Indy blinked. A blast of hot air hit him in the face. He followed Molly down an iron ladder. They walked past sweating men naked from the waist up. The men were feverishly shoveling

coal into huge boiler furnaces. These were the men who kept the giant screw propellers turning day and night. They kept the countless lights ablaze. The power of the *Titanic* came from their arms, their heaving chests, their bent backs.

Many of the stokers knew Molly. They waved at her as she went by. She stopped by one who was flinging a shovelful of coal into roaring red flames.

"Hello, Charlie," she said.

Charlie straightened up. His soot-blackened face broke into a smile. His teeth were bad. But his smile was bright.

"Hello, Molly," he said. "Come for a bit of exercise?"

"Not likely" Molly replied. "But maybe you should call this place a gym. The swells would line up for shovels. Work off those seven-course meals."

"Aye, that's why I do it," said Charlie with a grin. "It's certainly not for the pay."

Molly grew serious. "Any signs of trouble?"

"Not a one," Charlie said. "But who's this swell?" He gave a sharp look at Indy's

clothes. Miss Seymour insisted that Indy dress properly for dinner. "Properly" meant a black dinner jacket, a black bow tie, a stiff shirt-the works. He felt like he was trapped in a costume party.

"A pal of mine," Molly assured him.

"Then he's okay" Charlie said. He gave Indy a handshake.

"I'm in on the hunt, too," Indy told him, "You spot anything funny, let Molly know fast."

"Don't you worry about that," Charlie said. "This scow goes down—and we go down with it. We're last on line for the lifeboats down here."

"Come on, Charlie, earn your shillings!" burly foreman roared.

Charlie gave a mock sigh. "Back to the mines," he said. He bent to shovel up more coal.

"Know what Charlie earns?" Molly asked as she and Indy left the boiler room.

"It should be a lot for the work he does," Indy said, mopping his brow.

"It would take Charlie ten years of work to pay for a deluxe first-class ticket on the

*Titanic*,” Molly said. Her eyes flashed with anger.

“You seem to know him pretty well.” Indy said. “Charlie, and a lot of others down there.”

“I’m giving them a bit of help,” Molly said. “I’m a go-between for a labor union they want to join.”

Indy shook his head. Molly was full of surprises. She was a suffragette. A union organizer. What other battles was she into?

He was about to find out.

# Chapter 14

Indy should have been ready for Molly's next surprise. It was as easy to guess as two plus two. He could hear Sherlock Holmes saying, "Elementary, my dear Watson."

Molly's friend in third class was named Pat Leary. He was big and bearded. He spoke in a thick Irish brogue. The way he spoke let you know he was proud of that accent.

"Molly says to trust you, so trust you I will," Leary said. "Molly and I go back a ways. We've fought some good fights side by side. She's as devoted to the cause as I am. Though I can't make her shed some of her womanish ways. She still won't admit that blood must be shed to make Ireland free."

Indy remembered the shattered store win-



dow in London. Molly must have been busy that day.

"Bloodshed just leads to more bloodshed," Molly said. "I want Ireland to be free of that as well."

"Ah, girl, you can't make omelets without breaking eggs," Leary said. He slapped his fist into his palm.

"I don't much care for omelets," said Molly. "I'd rather have the eggs hatch. That's where life comes from."

Then she said, "But we've been having this argument for years, Pat. Ever since I joined the movement as a schoolgirl. I'm sure we'll keep on having it. But right now we've got other work to do. Have you spotted any bad characters?"

Leary shook his head. "Not a one. There are some Germans down here. But they all look clean as new pennies."

"Speaking of clean, third class isn't so bad," Indy said, looking around him. "It's plain. But comfortable."

"Sure." said Molly. "The White Star Line is fighting other companies for the poor as well as the rich. The poor can't pay as

much. But there are a lot more of us.”

They were in Molly’s cabin. It had six bunk beds, but Molly had it to herself. Leary had arranged that. He was good at talking people into doing things.

“I’ve the Irish gift of blarney,” he told Indy. “And if that doesn’t work, I have *this*.” He showed his big fist.

“He’s a good man to have on our side,” Indy told Molly as she led him back to first class. “But tell me, is he on the lam. too?”

“Pat?” said Molly. “The law wants him, all right. But Ireland’s as safe as a church for him. Our people would never give him away. He’s going to America to raise money for the cause.”

“Good to hear that,” said Indy. “Then he wants to get there as much as we do.”

By now they had reached the stairway.

“You can continue by yourself,” Molly Said. “Hawkins will let you through.”

“Right,” said Indy. He grinned. “I can see that you have a lot to do. Any more hobbies you’ve haven’t told me about?”

Molly smiled back. “My mother told me, ‘Idle hands are the devil’s workshop.’” Then

she said, "I'll keep in touch. First sign of trouble, I'll let you know. Time's getting short."

"The Germans will have to make their move soon," Indy said, "We're into Sunday now. We dock in New York on Wednesday."

It was a chilling thought. And Indy got an even greater chill when he woke up for breakfast.

His room was ice cold. When he got up, he realized why. He had left his porthole window open for fresh air. The air coming in was frigid.

It stayed cold outside even when the sun rose high in the morning sky. Indy could barely work up a sweat in his run with Dietrich.

He asked the swimming-pool attendant about the change in the weather.

The attendant smiled. "Nothing to worry about, young man. Perfectly normal. We're nearing the Labrador Current. It moves from the Arctic down the North American coast. It brings the cold with it."

Indy nodded. "So that's why I saw a few pieces of ice in the water."

"You'll see more of them later on," the attendant said. "This time of year, the Arctic ice packs start melting. Pieces of ice break off. They drift down on the current. If you want a pretty sight, take a look at the sea tonight. Pity there's no moon, but you'll see ice by starlight. One of nature's wonders." The attendant smiled. "No extra charge. Courtesy of the White Star Line."

"*Ach*," said Dietrich. "I wish we could swim in that sea. Ice water is bracing. Makes the blood flow."

He turned to Indy. "I think we do an extra thirty laps today. That sound good?"

"Great," said Indy. He tried to look on the bright side. A few more days of this, and he'd be ready to try out for the Olympics. They were set for Stockholm that summer.

"And I have a special treat for later," Dietrich promised.

"What?" asked Indy, bracing himself.

"I will let you listen to my private record collection," said Dietrich. "Three hours of the best of Wagner."

That was the first bad news of the day.

The second came at dinner. It was worse.

"Indiana, I want you to be the first to know," Miss Seymour said. "I have accepted Colonel Gilbert's proposal. I am to be his bride."

"Tomorrow at this time, I will be the happiest man in the world," the Colonel said. He tenderly placed his hand over Helen Seymour's on the tabletop.

"Tomorrow," Indy said, gulping. "Isn't that kind of quick? I mean, don't you want to have a bigger ceremony? In a church? Maybe in a cathedral?"

"Not at all," said Helen Seymour. "What could be more romantic? A wedding on the greatest ship in the world, with the Captain himself uniting us forever."

"But why tomorrow?" asked Indy. He tried to keep desperation out of his voice. "The ship doesn't dock until Wednesday."

"That's where you're wrong, Junior," said the Colonel. "I had a talk with Mr. Bruce Ismay, the director of the White Star Line himself. He told me very privately that they plan to show how fast the *Titanic* can go. We will reach New York on Tuesday. A day ahead of schedule."

Indy tried to think of something, anything, that would delay their plans. "Haven't you seen all the ice in the water? That's sure to slow the ship down."

The Colonel smiled. "The Captain and Mr. Ismay are aware of the ice. They can deal with it quite well. You have a lot of growing up to do, Junior. The people who run things in this world know what they are doing."

After dinner, Indy left the dining room in shock. A disaster was on its way to happening. He was thankful that Inspector Sampson was shadowing Dietrich again that night. Indy needed all the free time he could get. He had to dream up a plan to head the disaster off.

"Hurry," said a voice. "You have to move fast."

For a split second, Indy thought the voice was in his own head. Then he realized it came from behind him.

He wheeled around and saw Hawkins.

"Molly says for you to come to her cabin," the red-haired purser said. "*Before it's too late.*"

# Chapter 15

Indy raced down the stairway to third class. He had no idea what had happened. But it didn't sound good.

Pat Leary was waiting.

"Glad to see you," the big Irishman said. "Molly needs you bad."

"Where is she?" Indy asked urgently.

"In her cabin," Leary said. "Come on."

Leary led the way. He opened the door for Indy to enter. Then his palm slammed against Indy's back.

The shove sent Indy flying. He landed on his hands and knees in the middle of the cabin.

Meanwhile, Leary had stepped into the cabin. He closed the door behind him. A

nasty-looking pistol was in his hand. Indy knew the make. It was a German Luger.

Indy heard a grunt from one of the bunks. Molly was lying there, bound and gagged. She had tried to sound a warning. But Leary had pushed Indy inside too fast. A second prisoner was in another bunk. He was bound and gagged, too. Indy saw he was Charlie, the stoker.

"Take off their ropes and gags," Leary ordered Indy. "No need for them now. You're all under my gun. And you're all going to start walking soon."

"Sorry, Indy," Molly said when she could speak. "I made a mistake about Leary."

"You made no mistake about me, girl," Leary said. "You knew I was a fighter for Irish independence. And you knew that I'd do anything to win it."

"I didn't know how far that 'anything' went," Molly answered.

"It goes as far as it has to," Leary said. "But I'm offering you one last chance. Just say the word. Go along with me. And I'll get you in the lifeboat with me and the Germans."



"I'll say it again," Molly snapped. "The word is no. I won't join up with you. I'd rather die than kill."

Leary shrugged. "It's your choice, girl. You'll have to be a sacrifice to Irish freedom."

"I don't understand," Indy said. "What do the Germans have to do with Ireland?"

"Aye, mate," Charlie chimed in. "What are you doing with that bad lot?"

"They're England's enemies," Leary said. "That makes them our friends."

"But what do you stand to gain?" Indy asked. "They can't be paying you that much."

"They can—and they are," Leary said. "Sinking the *Titanic* is worth a lot to them. Millions are at stake in the Atlantic shipping trade. The Germans will give us all the gold and guns we want."

"And what makes you think you can trust them?" Indy said.

"Sure, they'll feed you to the fishes," Charlie said. "They'll want no witnesses."

"And they'll want no one to think they had anything to do with the sinking," Leary

said, smiling. "That's the beauty of it. Our organization will take credit for it. We'll be known as a force to be reckoned with—a force the British have to bargain with. The Germans will wind up free of blame, and with the Atlantic passenger trade in their pocket."

"You're a big brave freedom fighter," Charlie said with contempt. "The Germans do the dirty work. And you take the money and the credit."

"Sure," said Indy. "You're a let's-pretend hero."

Indy was hoping to make Leary mad. Make him lose his head. Make him drop his guard. Indy and the others were in a deadly trap. They had to find some kind of opening. Anything.

But Leary's smile only got bigger.

"The Germans need me for more than that," Leary said. He turned to Molly. "Want to tell them about it, girl?"

Molly shook her head. Her lips were tight with rage.

"Molly knows that I worked in the Belfast shipyard," Leary said. "That's where the

*Titanic* was built. I was one of the poor sods who put her afloat. And I know just how she can be sunk.”

Leary was pleased to see Indy’s mouth drop open in shock. Leary was enjoying this, Maybe he liked to fight—but he liked to brag even more.

“You’ve heard about the ‘unsinkable’ *Titanic*,” he said. “Maybe you’ve heard about her double hull. But the company doesn’t tell you that the double hull ends below the waterline, If it went up farther, it would slow the ship down. And time means money for the White Star Line.”

“And the watertight bulkheads?” Indy said.

“Ah, boy, you’ve been doing your homework,” Leary said. “You know what bulkheads are.”

“Sure I do,” Indy said. “They’re walls inside the hull. They divide the ship into fifteen compartments. They’ll stop the water from a leak from spreading too far. They’ll keep the ship from sinking.”

“What you don’t know is that the bulkheads don’t go up high enough,” said Leary.

“Otherwise the ship would lose space for passengers. And passengers mean money for the White Star Line.”

“Don’t go up high enough?” said Indy, trying to picture it.

Leary made it easy. “If the first compartment has a leak, the ship tilts downward a bit. That’s all right. The water coming in won’t go over the bulkhead top. If the second leaks, too, the ship tilts still more. The water in the first compartment rises higher. But it’s still okay. If the third leaks, the water in the first compartment rises again. Still okay. But if the first five compartments leak, the tilt is too great. The water in the first compartment rises too high. It spills over the top of the bulkhead. It falls into the second. The ship tilts more. Water spills from the second compartment into the third. Even more tilt.”

“I see,” said Indy, wishing he didn’t. “It’s like a line of dominoes toppling over. One by one the compartments fill.”

Until there’s too much water for the pumps to handle,” said Charlie. “Enough water to send us to the bottom.”

Indy shook his head at the picture that had been painted. "Those bulkheads are like fortress walls too low to keep the enemy out" He bit his lip. "And the watertight doors I heard about. The ones that are run electrically. It doesn't matter if somebody throws a switch to close them. The water just rises above them."

"Smart lad," said Leary. He looked at his watch. "Time to get going. You can do more than hear about how we sink the *Titanic*. You can see it."

Leary put his gun hand in his pocket. But he kept the Luger pointed at his prisoners.

"The three of you walk ahead of me," he ordered. "Don't try to make a break for it. I'm not afraid to kill even if I'm caught. Molly will tell you that."

Molly nodded grimly.

They left third class and moved through a narrow passageway. They reached another door. It was being guarded by another man with a Luger—a red-headed man.

"Hawkins," gasped Indy.

"You can call him Helmut," Leary said.

"Come inside," Helmut said. "Everything

is right on schedule. Karl is finished with the other compartments. He is setting the last charge now."

Indy looked around. He saw stacks of steamer trunks from floor to ceiling. vision flashed through his mind of all the gowns, the furs, the suits, and other precious possessions packed into them. Rich people didn't travel light. He saw packing cases of every size. Rich people bought loads of goodies to bring home when they went to Europe. He even saw a Renault automobile. It was bright red and brand-new.

They were in the cargo hold. It was below the waterline in the bow of the ship.

They moved through the maze of cargo. Then Indy saw a man with his back toward them. He was facing the steel side of the hull. He was putting the finishing touches on a mechanical device. Indy could guess what the device was.

A bomb.

At the sound of their footsteps, the man turned and smiled.

"Oh, no," Indy groaned. "It can't be!"

# Chapter 16

“Good. You’ve arrived,” Inspector Roger Sampson said. Except that Indy now knew that his name wasn’t Roger Sampson. The others had called him Karl.

“*Jawohl, mein Herr*” Hawkins said. Except that his name was Helmut.

“Let us speak in English,” Karl said. “For the benefit of our Irish friend.”

“I wish you knew Gaelic,” Leary said. “There’s no sound I like better than the Irish language, but I guess English will have to do.”

“So you’re not from Scotland Yard,” Indy said. Silently he cussed himself out for being an idiot.

“Brilliant deduction, young Sherlock,”

Karl said in a mocking voice.

"You work for the German shipping barons," Indy said. "Or is it the German secret service?"

"What difference does it make?" Karl said.

"I told you I had overheard the plotters," Indy went on. "Then you sent me off on a wild-goose chase. You wanted to keep me busy. And to keep me from telling anyone else.

"*Very* good," Karl said. "You would have had a future as a detective. Too bad about that. It's a pity we can't give you a sporting chance to survive the sinking. But you know too much."

"Everything all set, then?" Leary asked.

"Of course," Karl said. "We Germans are masters of precision. The bombs are ticking in the other four compartments. I have just activated the one here. All go off at five this morning. We can watch them from the trawler."

"It's waiting for us, then," Helmut said.

"Naturally" Karl said. "Right on schedule. It is a *German* trawler. I saw its light. About



ten miles away. We won't need the survival gear we packed. But better safe than sorry."

He turned toward Indy and his friends. "Speaking of that," Karl said, "I'm afraid I can offer you only two choices. You can die now, by bullets. Or we can tie you up down here. Right next to the bomb."

A gleam appeared in Indy's eyes. Where there was life there was—

Karl doused it. "Don't imagine you'll wriggle free, my young friend. When a German ties you up, you stay tied. And when a German sets a time bomb, it goes off."

That was all Molly could take.

"Please, I don't want to die," she said. Her voice cracked with terror. "I'm too young. I haven't really begun to live. There's so much I want to do."

"I gave you your chance," Leary said.

"Please, let me take it now," Molly pleaded. "Let me go with you. I swear I won't squeal. You know I'm not an informer."

"Good girl," Leary said, smiling. "I didn't want to do you in. You've worked hard for the cause. And now you can do even better

work. Now that you're willing to get a little blood on your hands. You can start talking in the only language the English understand."

Karl's face darkened. "How can we trust this girl? I forbid this."

"Don't worry about her," Leary said. "She won't talk. She couldn't, even if she wanted to. First, she's wanted by the coppers. And second, she'd have to explain how she got off the ship alive."

Karl still looked doubtful. "But—"

"No buts' about it," Leary said. "You'll have to agree. You need us as much as we need you. You can't risk your country being blamed for this. It would mean war."

Karl nodded. "You win. Germany is not ready for war. Not yet." He smiled at Molly. "Welcome to our little group. A very lovely addition you are."

Bleakly Indy watched Molly move to Leary's side. He would have bet a million bucks she wouldn't give in. And he would have lost.

He sighed to himself. He should have known. After all, Molly was a female.

Women simply weren't as tough as men.

A second later, Indy saw that a woman was better than a man at one thing, at least.

Pretending.

Molly lashed out at Leary's gun hand with a vicious chop.

The gun went flying.

At the same time, Charlie grabbed Helmut. He started wrestling with him.

Indy made a flying leap for the gun on the floor. His fingers closed around its butt.

He felt a crushing weight on the small of his back. A foot.

"Let go of the gun," Karl's voice snarled. He raised his foot and kicked the gun away.

Indy rolled over and stared up at a Luger in Karl's hand.

"Surrender—or I shoot the boy." Karl said.

Charlie let go of Helmut. Helmut was free to draw his Luger.

Molly lowered her hand. She had been poised to deliver a chop at Leary's neck. He was holding his wrist.

"I think you broke it," he moaned.

Minutes later, Indy, Molly, and Charlie

were standing side by side. Karl had lined them up in the center of the hold. He said he didn't want to risk a bullet piercing the hull. He didn't want a leak starting too soon.

"Nice try," Indy said to Molly.

"I always wanted to try out that move," she said. "I worked in my uncle's butcher shop. All this hacking away at meat on a chopping block should be turned into something useful, I used to think."

"Better luck next time," Indy said.

Molly smiled a sad smile. "I don't think there's going to be a next time."

"You are more resourceful than I thought," Karl said. "Too resourceful to leave here alive. Say your prayers. But do it fast." Karl looked at his watch. "It is eleven thirty-nine. You have until eleven forty."

Karl, Helmut, and Leary all had their Lugers out. Leary held his in his left hand. But he held it steady.

Indy looked for a way out.

All he could see was his own death.

One minute away.

# Chapter 17

As far as Indy could see, it would take a miracle to save them.

But what he saw wasn't a miracle.

It was a disaster.

First came a loud sound. It wasn't quite a crunching sound. It was more like the sound of a sheet ripping. A sheet made of steel.

It was loud enough to make the men with the guns turn their heads. The sound came from the hull at their backs.

They weren't quick enough. They didn't have time to brace themselves. A gushing torrent of water hit them. It knocked them off their feet like a fire hose.

For a moment Indy and his friends stood

frozen. They couldn't believe what they were seeing.

It was like a zipper opening in the hull. A gash sliced the steel from front to back. It kept on going beyond the cargo hold.

The sea was pouring in. Karl and his pals were floundering in water. They were desperately trying to get to their feet.

Indy looked down. The water had already reached his feet.

He didn't have to tell Molly and Charlie what to do. Together they turned and ran for it.

They ran through the maze of cargo. Shots rang out from behind them. Splashing feet chased them.

They were running as fast as they could. But what they saw next made them run even faster.

Giant steel doors were sliding shut in front of them.

The electric doors, thought Indy. Somebody pulled the switch.

The three of them made it through the closing gap. Just in time.

Panting, they rested on the far side of the

doors. They were in another storage hold. From the other side of the doors fists pounded. Voices screamed.

"Poor guys," said Indy. "They didn't make it."

"I suppose we should do something," said Molly. She did not sound very serious.

"I know what we have to do," Charlie said. "Get out of here fast."

He pointed to the floor. It was covered by an inch of water.

"The gash goes this far," said Indy. "It's not as big here, though."

"It's big enough," said Charlie. "And it'll get bigger. The water pressure will see to that."

"At least we're not trapped here by sliding doors," Molly said.

"Just a few of them are electric," Charlie said. "Most have to be closed by hand."

"Funny, the ads didn't mention that," said Indy.

There's a lot they didn't mention," said Molly.

"Let's check out more of the damage," said Indy. "We have to warn the people

above of the danger.”

“Come on,” said Charlie, leading the way out of the hold.

On their way to the next compartment, they passed the mail room. Indy could barely believe the strange sight. Clerks were trying to fish hundreds of letters out of swiftly rising water. They were working desperately hard—without a hope of success. Indy’s heart sank.

By the time Indy and the others reached the fifth compartment, they knew the worst. The fifth compartment was the boiler room. Water was slopping around the stokers’ feet.

The first five compartments are filling,” said Molly.

“The bloody gash runs along the side of the ship,” said Charlie.

“What could have done it?” Indy wondered.

“What does it matter?” said Molly. “What counts is what it means.”

“It means,” said Indy. And he gulped. *“It means that the Titanic is going to sink.”*

The three of them stood silent a moment. It was a hard idea to digest.



Then Charlie said, "Got to go now. Got to join my mates. A lot of work to do. Have to keep the engines running as long as we can. They'll need electricity to run the pumps, keep the lights on."

Charlie picked up a shovel. Then he went to work with the other stokers.

"Quite a loyal crew in the boiler room, Indy said.

"Better than the White Star Line deserves," said Molly.

"Let's get on deck," Indy said. "We have to warn everyone."

"You go," said Molly. "I'm going to the third-class cabins in the stern. That's where the women are. They'll have no idea what's going on. The men in the bow will know soon enough. They'll be seeing the water."

Indy nodded. "I'll see you on deck later."

"I hope so," said Molly, moving off.

Indy splashed out of the boiler room. He reached the stairs. He went up three steps at a time.

"Where do you think you're going?" a voice demanded. A purser stood at the head of the stairs. "You just go back to

third class where you belong.”

“But—” said Indy,

“No buts,” the man said. “It’s the rules. And don’t you be worrying about that little bump. Nothing serious. You can tell all the others down there that.”

Indy didn’t bother arguing.

“Look, I’m in first class,” he said. “You must have seen me.”

The purser gave him a closer look. “I’m sorry, sir. Didn’t recognize you, What were you doing down there? Seeing how the other half lives?”

“Exactly.” said Indy.

The purser stepped aside, and Indy dashed past.

The purser watched him go. The lad was lucky. He’d make it to the lifeboats in plenty of time. Then the purser went back to work. He had the stairway to guard.

On deck, Indy dodged something flying through the air. It was a piece of ice. He looked around. Passengers were having a party with the ice on the deck. Some were using pieces as snowballs. Others were carrying them inside, to put in their drinks.

“Did you see it?” a laughing young lady asked him.

“See what?” asked Indy.

“The iceberg,” she said. “It passed so close. It was quite thrilling.”

“Lucky for that berg we didn’t hit it,” said the young man with her. “The *Titanic* would have smashed it to pieces.”

“I’m not so sure,” the young lady said. “It was rather large. It towered over the deck. And I do remember reading that just a little part of an iceberg is above the surface.”

“Anyway, the ship turned in the nick of time,” the young man shrugged. “You can always count on British seamanship. And we got this ice as a present. Livens up the evening a bit.” He turned to the young lady. “Let’s see who can find the biggest piece.”

Indy watched them go off. Now he could see what had happened. The *Titanic* had been able to keep from hitting the top part of the berg. But as she slid past the floating island of ice, the part below the water sliced her open.

Indy ran along the deck, toward the bridge.

He was looking for one man—Thomas Andrews. The man who had helped build the *Titanic*. The man who had to know what would sink her.

Indy spotted him on the bridge.

Andrews was talking with a white-bearded man in a ship's uniform and a mustached man in a Savile Row suit. The bearded man was Captain Smith. The other man was Bruce Ismay, director of the White Star Line.

As Indy got closer to them, he saw their faces.

They knew what was happening.

He saw something else, too.

They knew there was nothing they could do about it.

They only nodded when he told them what he had seen below.

"Perhaps you'd better get on a life vest," Andrews said, putting his hand on Indy's shoulder.

"I have to get to Miss Seymour's cabin," said Indy. "She has to get into a lifeboat."

"Better be off, then." Andrews said. "But don't worry, you still have time." He glanced

at a piece of paper in his hand. He had been making calculations on it. "An hour and a half. Perhaps even two."

That was all Indy had to hear. Five minutes later, he was pounding at Miss Seymour's cabin door.

Finally it swung open.

An arm reached out.

It grabbed him and yanked him inside.

And he felt the chill edge of a knife at his throat.

# Chapter 18

Professor Khan took the knife away from Indy's throat, but he kept it pointed at Indy.

"Don't make a false move," he warned. "I have never killed anyone. But I am willing to."

Indy started to ask what the scholar from India was doing in Miss Seymour's cabin.

Then he saw what was in Khan's other hand. It was the Shalimar Diamond.

Khan was looking at it, too. "I thought it would be harder to find. I did warn her about thieves. It was the only way to stop her from wearing it all the time. But she simply left it in a bureau drawer. She has such faith. She cannot believe anyone would break into a cabin on the sacred *Titanic*."

"She can't believe passengers in first class are crooks," Indy said. "Or are you some sort of a religious fanatic?"

Khan opened his mouth to answer.

But the door swung open first.

Helen Seymour stepped in.

A moment later she had been thrust against a wall beside Indy.

Khan stood facing them. He held his knife steady. But his face was clouded.

"I did not plan on this," he said. "It should have been so easy. I left you dancing with the Colonel. I was sure you would dance until dawn."

"We would have," Helen Seymour said. "But a ship's officer insisted that we get our life vests. A formality, he said. Some regulation or other. Most irritating."

"And most unfortunate for you," Khan said. He looked at Miss Seymour, and then at his knife.

"You still didn't answer my question," said Indy, trying to divert Khan's attention. "Why are you stealing the diamond? For yourself? Or for some Indian god?"

"I am no criminal," Khan said. "And I am

a man of science. But I am also a patriot. This diamond is a national treasure of my country. It was looted by the British, like so much else. It is my duty to return it to India where it belongs."

He sighed. "Now that you have seen me, there is only one thing to do."

His hand tightened around his knife.

"Look," said Indy desperately, "if you forget about this, so will we. We won't tell anyone. We promise."

"I'll promise even more," Miss Seymour said. "I'll let you take the diamond for your country. I believe what you say."

"You English make fine promises, but—" Khan said, hesitating.

Indy held his breath, waiting for Khan to make up his mind. But he never found out what Khan had decided to do.

The door swung open again.

A tall woman stood in the doorway. She wore a fur coat, a hat, and a veil. A life vest was around her coat.

Khan whirled to face her. But before he could raise his knife, the woman's fist lashed out.



Khan crumpled to the floor. He was out for the count.

Indy shook his head in wonder. Females on the *Titanic* were pretty tough. First Molly. Now this woman. She'd make a good heavy-weight contender.

The woman bent down over the fallen Khan. Indy's mouth dropped open. But not in wonder. This time what he felt was shock.

The woman's veil parted. Indy knew the face.

It was Colonel Gilbert, without his mustache. Either him, or his twin sister.

Helen Seymour had no doubts. "*Osmond!*" she gasped.

The figure in woman's clothes straightened. In one hand was the diamond. In the other was Khan's knife.

"Pity I had to shave my mustache," the Colonel answered. "And I must say I prefer a suit."

"What is the meaning of this—masquerade?" Helen Seymour demanded.

"Perhaps young Sherlock here can figure it out," the Colonel said.

Indy grimaced. "He knows we're going

down. It's women and children first into the lifeboats. Of course, there are others who get off a sinking ship fast. They're called rats."

The Colonel smiled. "I call it survival of the fittest. There will be a bit of a fuss when the truth comes out. But by that time the lifeboat will be safe at sea. And I'll lose nothing but my good name."

"No problem," Indy said. "You'll just pick another."

"Quite right," the Colonel said. "I was getting rather tired of this one, anyway. But Helen was so eager to take it."

"And you were so eager to take everything I had," snapped Helen Seymour.

"Pity about that." The Colonel shrugged. "It would have been such a lovely haul. All that money. Soon it will be a sad memory. Just like you, my dear. Both lost when the great ship goes down."

"What does he mean?" Indy asked Miss Seymour.

"It means I took his advice." Miss Seymour said bitterly. "I sent a radio message to a stockbroker in London. I bought shares

in the White Star Line. More exactly, I bought options on shares. That way, when the shares rose, I would make even more money. Of course, they would rise. I had inside information. The *Titanic* would reach New York ahead of schedule. It was a golden opportunity. I should invest every penny I had. Isn't that right, Osmond?"

"Quite right, my dear," the Colonel said.

"Of course, if the shares fell, my options would be worthless," Miss Seymour went on. "But that couldn't happen. Could it, Osmond?"

"Everything is a gamble," said the Colonel with a shrug. "But now I must cut my losses. At least I'll have the Shalimar. That should keep me afloat until I meet the next lady longing for romance."

The Colonel looked at the Shalimar. Then he looked at the knife. Finally he looked at Miss Seymour and Indy.

"At least I'll save you from death by drowning," he told them. "I'll make it quick. I only wish that I could give you a good-bye kiss, Helen. But all I can offer is my regrets. You would have made a beautiful bride."

# Chapter 19

Helen Seymour *was* beautiful.

Indy's mouth dropped open in admiration at the way she moved.

Head down, she charged the phony Colonel like a football lineman. She butted him in the pit of the stomach. He gave a grunt and doubled over.

Indy picked up a vase from the table. A beautiful first-class china vase. He smashed it over the Colonel's head.

The Colonel lay flat on the floor. He was still breathing. But he wasn't getting up for a while.

"Miss Seymour," Indy said, "I didn't know you had it in you."

Helen Seymour smiled. "You know what

they say: Nothing beats the fury of a woman scorned. It seems they're right."

"But what are you doing now?" Indy said. Helen Seymour picked up a cut-glass pitcher of water and poured it over Khan.

"I must revive this poor man," she said.

It worked. Khan came to. He groggily got to his feet.

Helen Seymour extended the Shalimar Diamond to him. "Please, take it. I want you to have it for your country."

Khan rubbed his aching jaw. He worked to clear his mind. He took the diamond and said, "Thank you. You restore my faith in English decency. Perhaps someday our countries will be friends and equals."

"I hope so," Helen Seymour said. "But we must hurry. It seems the ship is sinking."

Khan's brow furrowed. He handed the diamond back to her. "Then take this. You'll be going into the lifeboats first. You stand a better chance of saving the diamond than I. I know I can trust you to return it to its proper owner."

"Thank you for that trust," Miss Seymour said. She shook Khan's hand. "Good luck."

"Come on," Indy said. "We don't have much time."

"Seems terrible to leave Osmond lying there," Miss Seymour said. Then her mouth tightened. "But, as he said, everything's a gamble. He lost. Let's go."

Indy followed Miss Seymour out of the cabin. She was the Miss Seymour he knew. A very tough lady.

You're really going to give the diamond away?" Indy asked her as they headed for the deck. "All your money is gone. All your new clothes will go to the bottom. You'll be left with nothing."

"I'll have what I had before," Miss Seymour said firmly. "In a way, it's a relief. All that wealth did something to me. I didn't own it. It owned me. It made me its puppet. It made me into a self-centered, selfish, and silly stranger. I can see it clearly now. I feel as if I'm waking from a bad dream. I feel like myself again."

By now the ship was definitely tilting. The bow was sinking. On deck, passengers were no longer playing games. They milled around in total confusion. The orchestra

had assembled on deck. It was playing cheerful songs. But no one was dancing.

"They should have had lifeboat drills." Helen Seymour said. "I shall write a letter to the London *Times*."

"First you have to get off the ship," commented Indy. "The unsinkable ship."

"Thank goodness we can see what we're doing," Helen Seymour said. "It's a miracle the lights are still working."

"No miracle. They've got good men working down below," said Indy. He thought of Charlie and his mates sweating to keep the fires going.

Then he thought of someone else.

"Miss Seymour, you can get into a lifeboat now." he said. "They're loading one over there. I have to go find a friend I made. See if I can help her get into a boat, too."

"I'm not leaving until you get back," said Miss Seymour: "You are my responsibility."

Indy saw the look on her face. He knew better than to argue. 'I'll be back as fast as I can," he said.

He moved along the deck toward the stern. It was an uphill climb.

In the sky above, giant white flares were going off. They signaled distress for any ship nearby to see.

Indy passed sailors flashing a light. He paused to see why.

"Why doesn't that ship answer?" said one of the men. "We can see it. It has to see us. Even if it doesn't pick up our radio call."

Indy followed his eyes. A ship's light shone in the darkness.

Indy remembered the German trawler. He felt like telling the sailors to save their energy. But instead he saved his breath and continued on his way.

He reached a stairway in the stern. He went down it. What he saw was what he had expected.

A purser was standing with his back toward Indy. The purser was facing a wire mesh door. The door was locked. On the other side, a crowd of women pressed against it. They were from third class.

Indy was not surprised to hear Molly's voice.

"Let us through!" she screamed. "We have a right to the lifeboats, too."



"You'll just have to wait," the purser said. "We'll let you through at the proper time. I have the key right here."

He held the key in his hand. Without thinking, Indy grabbed it.

"Wait a minute, you can't—" the astonished purser protested.

But Indy already had put the key in the lock. He turned it and pulled the door open.

The crowd of women swept the purser aside like a giant broom.

Molly grabbed Indy by the hand as she went past. He was almost pulled off his feet. But he regained his balance and raced up to the deck with her.

"Good work," she told him. "You've got the makings of a great fighter for the cause."

"What cause?" asked Indy.

"Whatever one you choose," she said. "But first, we'd better find a lifeboat."

"This way," said Indy.

He led her to where Miss Seymour was waiting.

"They've already filled that one," Helen

Seymour said. "But there's another."

Indy went to it with Miss Seymour and Molly. A ship's officer was overseeing the loading. He held a pistol.

"Women and children first!" he was shouting. He gave his hand to Miss Seymour and helped her into the boat. He reached out to Indy.

Indy drew back.

"It's women first," Indy declared. He turned to Molly. "You get in."

"It's women *and* children," Molly said. "Now jump in, and I'll be right behind."

"Get in the boat, Molly," Indy commanded her again. "I'll go join the other men. A man has to do what he has to do."

"And this woman has to do what *she* has to do," said Molly.

Indy had time to see her fist coming. But he didn't have time to duck.

Indy saw stars. But they weren't the stars that filled the night sky.

Indy saw *those* stars when he opened his eyes again.

Then he saw Molly's face. It was looking down at him, Beside it was Miss Seymour's.

Both brightened when they saw him come to.

"Sorry about that," Molly said.

"I thought you didn't believe in violence," Indy said.

"Sometimes one has no choice," Molly said.

Indy sat up. The waves were so close he could almost touch them. The boat was crowded with women. A few held babies. A crewman sat in the stern. Two other crewmen manned the oars.

Indy started to speak. But a great crashing noise split the night air.

Helen Seymour said in a hushed voice, "*Look.*"

Indy turned with everyone else.

The bow of the *Titanic* was deep in the water. The stern was sticking almost straight up in the air. But now the great ship was splitting in two. Its lights had gone out, but electricity still sparked as water hit wires.

Then she was gone.

"We have to row back and pick up survivors," Molly said. She grabbed a free oar.

"But they may swamp us," a woman in furs protested.

"Nonsense," Helen Seymour declared. "It is our duty." She grabbed an oar, too.

Indy grabbed another, and other passengers joined in.

They were a good distance from where the ship had sunk. But they didn't have far to go before they found a survivor.

Indy saw him swimming toward them. The man swam with swift, powerful strokes.

Indy knew that swimming style.

He helped haul Dietrich out of the water.

"A bit chilly," Dietrich said. "But stimulating."

Then the opera star announced, "Perhaps in daylight some ship will find us. But we have a long night ahead. I will do my best to help us get through it."

With that, Dietrich launched into Wagner. He was in fine voice. He sounded as if he could go on until dawn.

Indy sighed to himself. In the history of the sea, this would be a night to remember. But for young Indiana Jones, the rest of it would be a night to forget.

## HISTORICAL NOTE

The *Titanic* hit an iceberg at 11:40 p.m. on the night of April 14, 1912. It sank at 2:20 a.m. Another liner, the *Carpathia*, was over forty miles away when it heard the radio distress call from the *Titanic*. Her captain steamed his ship as swiftly as possible through floating ice packs to reach the scene of the sinking. The *Carpathia* arrived at dawn and rescued the 705 passengers surviving in lifeboats or clinging to floating debris.

However, over fifteen hundred passengers and crew members perished in the icy waters. Among them were Captain Smith, who commanded the *Titanic*, and Thomas Andrews, who helped design her. But Bruce

Ismay, the head of the White Star Line, jumped into a half-empty lifeboat as it was about to be lowered. For the rest of his life he was branded as a coward.

The ship's light seen by those on the sinking *Titanic* remains a mystery. Some say it came from a ship named the *Californian*. She was closer to the *Titanic* than the *Carpathia*, but did not come to the rescue. But the captain of the *Californian* claimed she was too far from the *Titanic* for her light to be seen. There is evidence to back him up. The truth may never be known.

The *Titanic* herself rests on the bottom of the sea. In 1986, undersea explorers located her. They found her very well preserved. Since then, she has been photographed and examined. The work still goes on, as we learn more and more about the "unsinkable *Titanic*" and her tragic fate.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle lost a son in World War I. He devoted much of the rest of his life to promoting spiritualism. He died in 1930.

Most of Ireland won independence from Britain in 1922, as did India in 1947. But six

northern counties of Ireland remained under British rule. This has proven to be a source of unrest and violence, which have continued to the present day.





## TO FIND OUT MORE...

*Exploring the Titanic* by Robert D. Ballard. Published by Scholastic, 1988. Learn about the great ship behind Indy's adventure how it was built, what happened the night it sank, and details of its sea-bottom discovery. Photos, glossary, and time-line of events.

*The Sinking of the Titanic* by John Dudman. Published by Bookwright Press, 1988. Tells the complete story of the disastrous first voyage and of the ship's underwater discovery in 1986. Includes a survivor's account. Photos and drawings.

*Ocean-Going Giants* by Ross R. Olney. Published by Atheneum, 1985. The *Titanic* was a passenger ship. Find out about other types of ships, built for working, fighting, and more. Learn about their energy sources and how important they are to the world. Photos.

*The Easter Rising: Dublin, 1916 The Irish Rebel Against British Rule* by Neil Grant.

Published by Franklin Watts, Inc., 1972. The political and religious battles between England and Ireland date back hundreds of years. Find out about the Irish uprising of 1916, only a few years after Molly's adventure on the *Titanic* with Indy. Photos.

*The Story of the Nineteenth Amendment* by R. Conrad Stein. Published by Children's Press, 1982. A history of the movement to grant women the right to vote in the United States. Although Molly was from Ireland, the book shows just how hard it was for suffragettes like her to stand up against their male and female opponents. Drawings.

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